



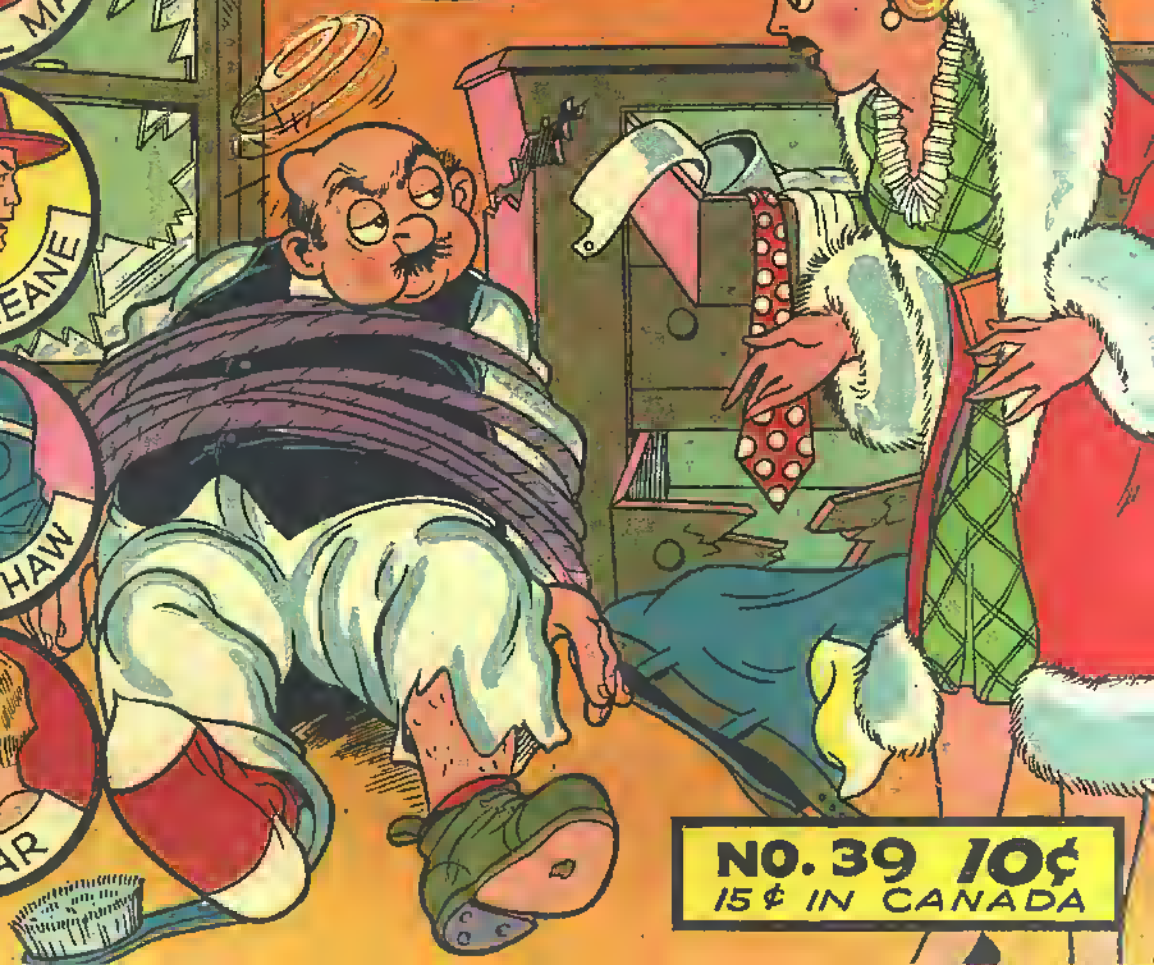
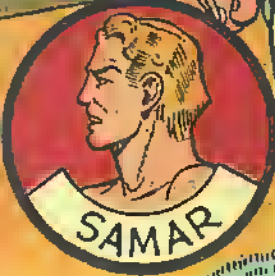
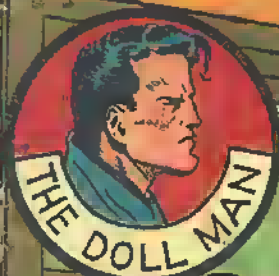
FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

DECEMBER

BUT VINCENT—
BURGLARS COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN HERE--
I LOCKED THE
DOOR!



NO. 39 10¢
15¢ IN CANADA

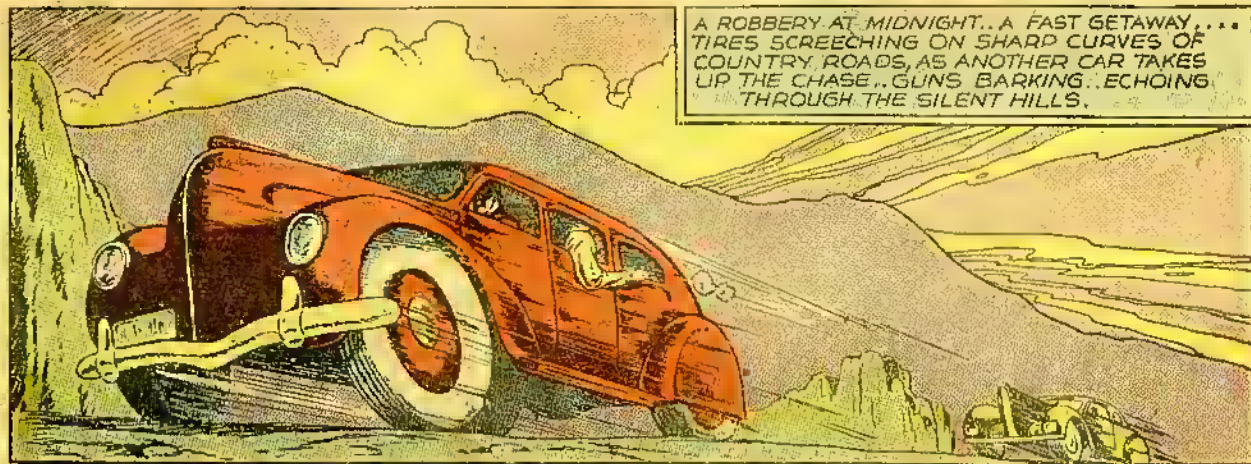
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The

DOLL MAN

DARREL DANE, THE DOLL MAN, FINDS AN ADVENTURE IN A FORGOTTEN WORLD OF EARLY AMERICA IN THE DAYS OF THE PURITANS.

by William Ewin Maxwell



A ROBBERY AT MIDNIGHT... A FAST GETAWAY... TIRES SCREECHING ON SHARP CURVES OF COUNTRY ROADS, AS ANOTHER CAR TAKES UP THE CHASE... GUNS BARKING... ECHOING THROUGH THE SILENT HILLS.

THE GANGSTERS AND PURSUERS RIP WILDLY UP THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN.



YOU'RE MAD, DARREL! IF WE DO CATCH THOSE THUGS, WHAT THEN? WE HAVE NO GUNS.

YOU'RE NOT FORGETTING THE DOLL MAN, ARE YOU, PROFESSOR?



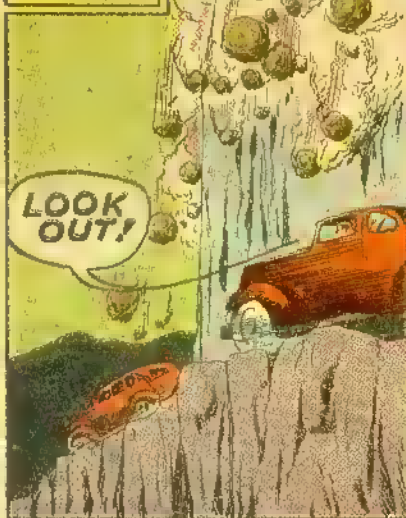
IN THE THUGS' CAR.

WE CAN'T SHAKE THOSE BIRDS BOSS!

HIT THE TIRES, YOU DOPE!



SUDDENLY..



LOOK OUT!



CRASH!

THE AVALANCHE SENDS BOTH CARS CRASHING INTO SMOKING WRECKAGE.



THE CROOKS CLIMB OUT.



THE MONEY'S IN THERE WITH JOE.. HE'S DEAD?

WE GOTTA LEAVE 'EM! THE COPS'LL BE HERE?



COME ON!

BUT WE'RE MILES FROM ANYWHERE, ON THIS ROAD!

HEY, LOOK! A CAVE... WE CAN HIDE TILL THE HEAT IS OFF!

HURRIEDLY, THE THUGS SEEK THE ROCKY SHELTER.



THEY FIND NOT A CAVE, BUT A
LONG, DARK TUNNEL.



HEY, WHERE WE GOIN'?
AIN'T THERE NO
BOTTOM TA THIS
PLACE?



SUDDENLY THE LEADER, SLIM,
STOPS SHORT, AMAZED AT
WHAT HE SEES.



AM I DREAMING?
NO, I CAN'T BE,
I GOT INSOMNIA!

WE SHOULD
TOOK OUR
CHANCES WITH
THE COPS!



MEANWHILE, SOUNDS OF LIFE
COME FROM DARREL DANE'S
BURIED CAR.



TRAPPED! WELL,
THERE'S ONE
WAY OUT!



TRANSFORMING HIMSELF
INTO THE AMAZING LITTLE FIGURE
OF THE DOLL MAN, HE SHOOTS
OUT OF THE WINDOW.



IF I CAN SHOVE
SOME OF THESE
BOULDERS
OFF THE
DOOR...

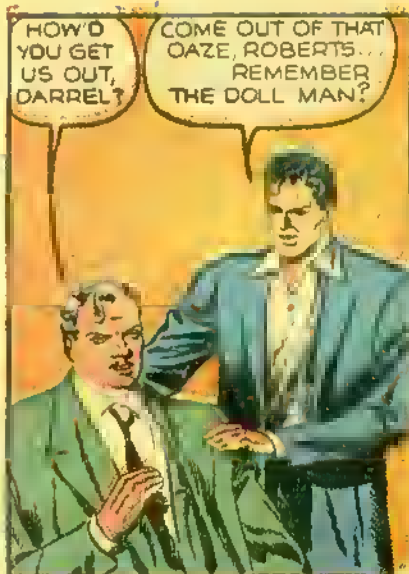


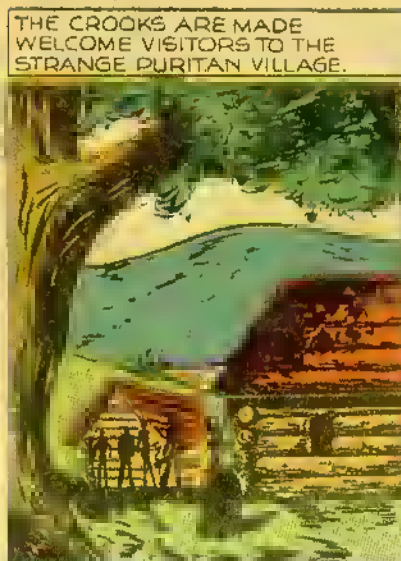
SOON THE CAR EMERGES FROM ITS
STONY GRAVE.



COME ON,
PROFESSOR.
TIME TO GET
UP!







BEYOND THE MYSTERIOUS VALLEY, THE DOLL MAN FINDS A SMALL ENTRANCE TO A TUNNEL...



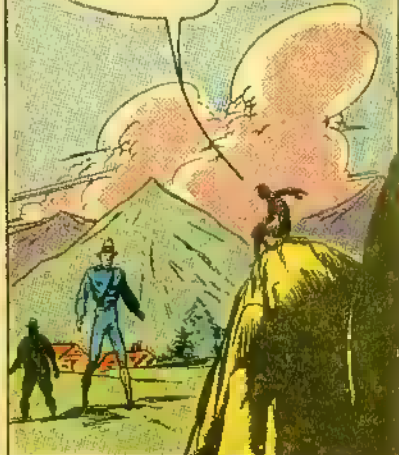
HE FOLLOWS SWIFTLY THROUGH.



AND COMES UPON THE PURITAN SETTLEMENT...



AMAZING! THESE PEOPLE HAVEN'T CHANGED THEIR WAY OF LIVING FOR OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS.



THEY'RE CARRYING ALL THE GOLD INTO THAT HOUSE.. STRANGE?



SOMETHING'S VERY WRONG HERE.. THAT YOUNG PRICILLA IS WEeping?



THE DOLL MAN LEAPS TO A SACK OF GOLD AND JEWELRY THAT THE GIRL IS CARRYING.



AH! SO YOU'VE DECIDED TO OBEY THE MEN FROM THE NEW WORLD! NOW ...



...A KISS?

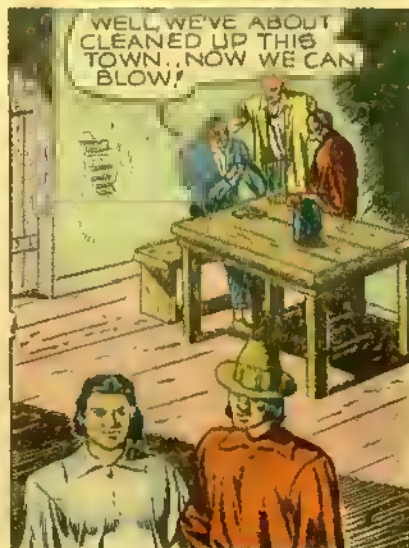
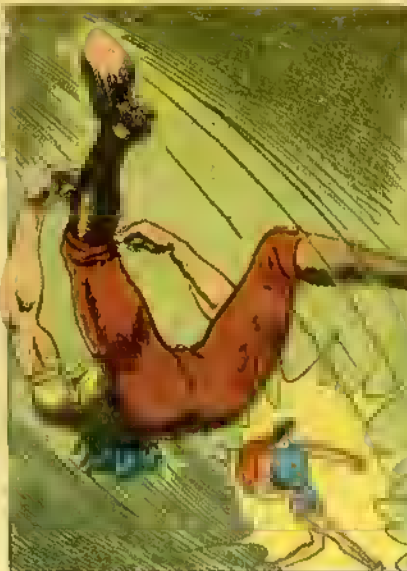


THE VILLAGER IN THE GANGSTERS' PAY, QUICKLY LEARNED THEIR EVIL WAYS.



SUDDENLY...



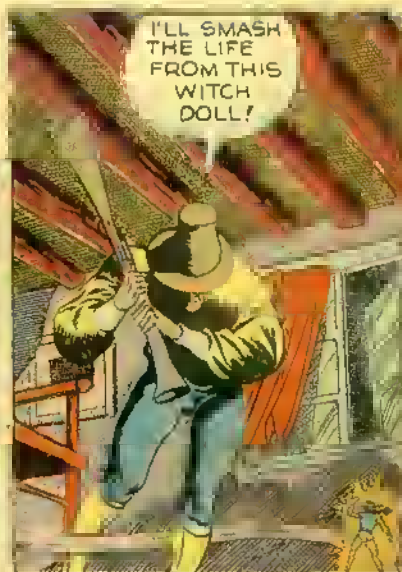




AN
EVIL
SPIRIT
FOR
SOOTHE



THE DOLL
MAN
ROUGHS UP
THE THUGS
AND THE EVIL
PURITAN.



I'LL SMASH
THE LIFE
FROM THIS
WITCH
DOLL!



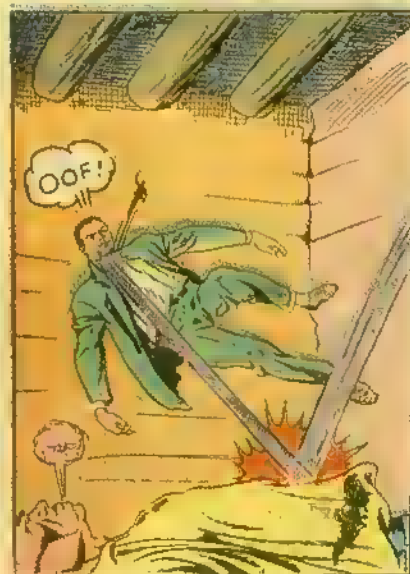
WHA! ? HE'S GONE!
VANISHED... COME
OUT, YOU DEVIL...
SO I MAY
CRUSH
THEE!



HERE'S
THE LAST
OF THEM!



THIS GUY'S
STOMACH WILL
MAKE A GOOD
SPRING-
BOARD!



OOF!

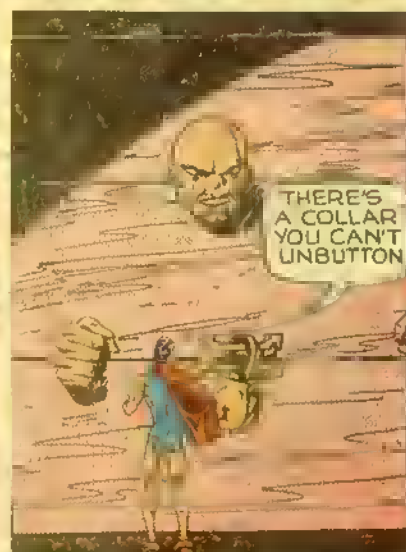
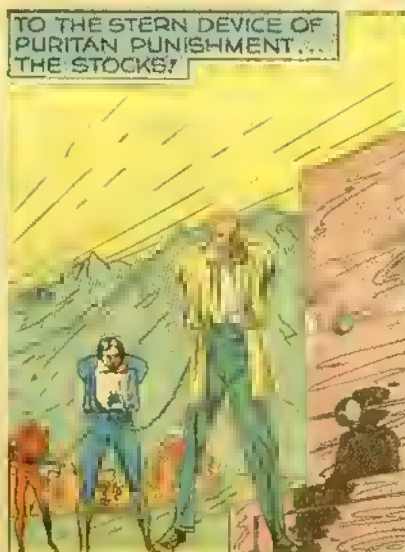
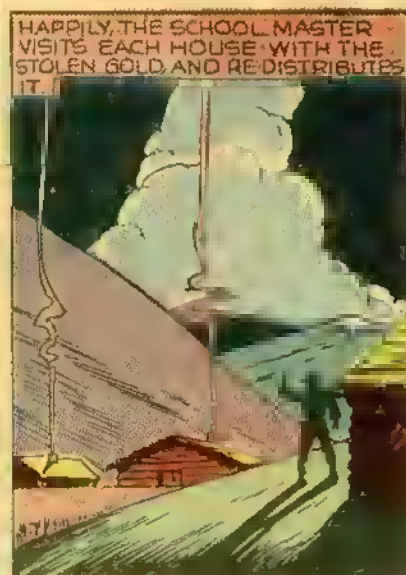


THE
DOLL
MAN
GOES TO
LOOK
FOR THE
TOWNS-
PEOPLE.



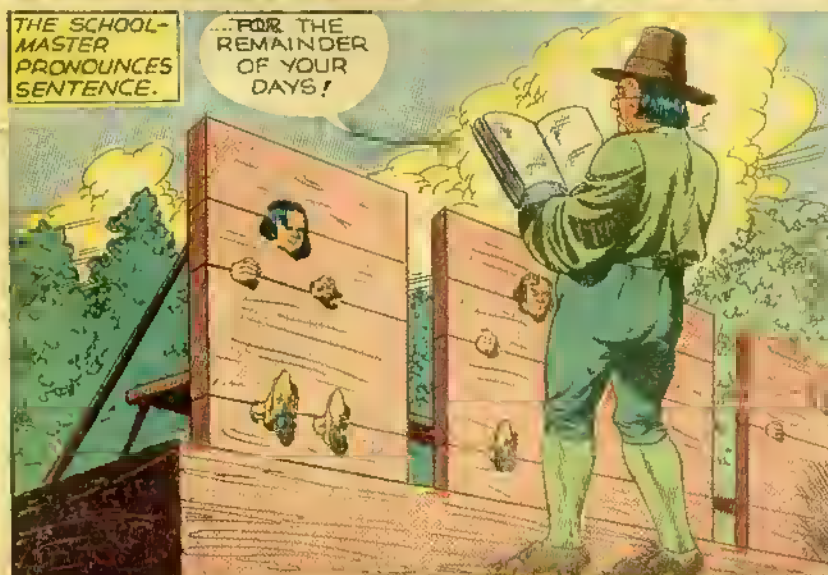
AN HONEST-LOOKING
FELLOW IS WALKING
TOWARD THE
SCHOOLHOUSE.

HEY
THERE!

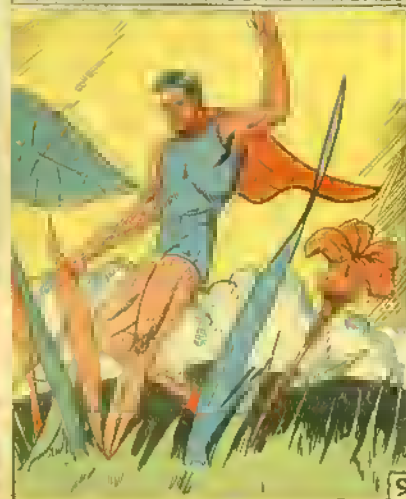


THE SCHOOL-MASTER PRONOUNCES SENTENCE.

...FOR THE REMAINDER OF YOUR DAYS!



AND THE DOLL MAN LEAVES THE HIDDEN VILLAGE, TO GO ON TO MORE STRANGE ADVENTURES.



RANCE KEANE

By... *Will Arthur*

HARVEY TOPPING'S TWIN BROTHER TRIED TO BILK HARVEY OUT OF THE FAMILY FORTUNE WHEN RANCE KEANE BALKED THE PLOT... SEEKING A WAY TO REWARD HIS FRIEND WITHOUT INSULTING HIM, HARVEY INVITES HIM ON A "TREASURE" EXPEDITION HE'S FINANCING... THE SCENE NOW, COLUMBUS CIRCLE, NEW YORK CITY.....

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A SWELL SCHEME, HARVEY! OF COURSE I WANT TO GO WITH YOU!

AS TOPPING PASSES A BLIND MAN IN THE CIRCLE HE SMELLS OUT A DOLLAR, AND SLIPS IT INTO THE CLIP.....

SHE WAS KINDA PRETTY, BUT TOUGH TO DON'TCHA THINK?

THAT'S THE MAN, HARVEY TOPPING. I TOLD YOU ABOUT, FOLLOW HIM. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

YOU FOLLOW TOPPING AND GET WHAT I TOLD YOU, OR I'LL.....

OOOW!!! SOL! I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO IT!

GOSH 'ALL HAY HOOKS, IF TOPPING MEANS CAN AFFORD T'GIVE YOU TO GO A BLIND JASPER LONG, PEE THAT MUCH, HE CAN WEE...ISN'T TAKE ME ON THIS TRIP TOO, CAN'T HE? OVER THERE

LOOKING?/2

SOL, IT'S NOT FAIR TO MAKE ME.....

AT THE ENTRANCE TO HARVEY TOPPING'S SWANKY HOTEL.....

I'VE HAD A CHART EXPERT CHECK MY MAP AND HE SAYS IT LOOKS GENUINE I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU UP IN MY LIVING ROOM. WE USED TO HAVE TREASURE HUNTS OUT WEST WHEN I WAS A KID. NEVER FOUND NOTHING BUT SACKS FULLA CANDY THOUGH.

WE FLY TO THIS POINT, BUT FROM THERE WE TRAVEL BY BOAT OR WE'D MISS THE CLUES.

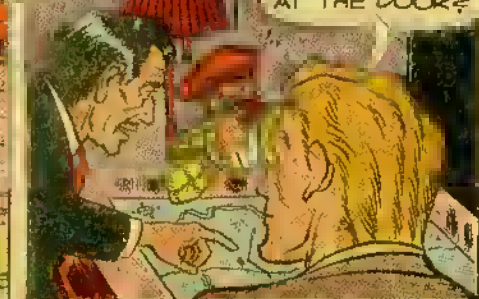
IT'S ON AN ISLAND, AIN'T IT! I NEVER BEEN ON AN ISLAND IN MY LIFE!

SURE YOU HAVE PEE WEE. NEW YORK CITY'S AN ISLAND, AND YOU...WHO IS THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR?

WHEN HARVEY TOPPING OPENS THE DOOR, THERE'S A STRANGE GIRL THERE....

OH, MR. TOPPING, I'VE SIMPLY GOT TO TALK TO YOU. YOU'LL FORGIVE ME FOR NOT PHONING FROM THE LOBBY, BUT... BUT... I DIDN'T DARE!

WELL... COME IN.



THE STRANGE GIRL BABBLES AN INCOHERENT STORY ABOUT A MAN WHO'S BEEN SHADOWING HER. SHE PLEADS WITH TOPPING TO SAVE HER...

BUT MY DEAR GIRL, THAT'S A MATTER FOR THE POLICE. I'M SURE THEY'D PROTECT YOU.

ALL RIGHT, MR. TOPPING, IF YOU SAY SO. I'LL TRUST YOU TO ADVISE ME TO DO THE RIGHT THING.



BUT AFTER SHE LEAVES.....

HARVEY! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN... NOT TO WATCH HER CLOSER!... THAT GIRL'S MADE OFF WITH HALF YOUR TREASURE MAP!

WHAT!

WHY! IS SHE SLICK!



GO DOWN IN THE ELEVATOR, PEE WEE, AND CATCH HER AT THE BOTTOM. I SAW HER DUCK IN HERE!

OKEYDOKEY, RANCE. I'D RATHER RIDE ANYWAY!



RANCE PLUMMETS DOWN THE STAIRS THREE AT A TIME. THE GIRL WATCHES PEE WEE AND TOPPING RIDE DOWN, THEN WITH GREAT DARING, SHE STEPS ON THE NEXT CAR, RIDES TO THE BASEMENT AND SLIPS OUT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE.....

SHE MUST'VE GOT AWAY. SHE DIDN'T COME THROUGH THE LOBBY!

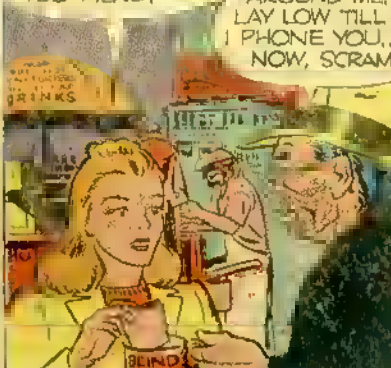
AND SHE WASN'T ON THE STAIRS... WAIT A MINUTE! SHE'S THE SAME GIRL WE SAW AT COLUMBUS CIRCLE! COME ON... I'VE A HUNCH!



MEANWHILE, THE GIRL RETURNS TO THE BLIND MAN'S CORNER...

HERE'S AS MUCH OF THE MAP AS I COULD GRAB. NOW WILL YOU FREE ME, YOU FIEND!

YOU LITTLE FOOL, YOU'LL GET CALIGHT HANGING AROUND ME! LAY LOW TILL I PHONE YOU... NOW, SCRAM!



YOU WAS RIGHT RANCE! THERE SHE GOES INTO THE PARK!

AFTER HER!



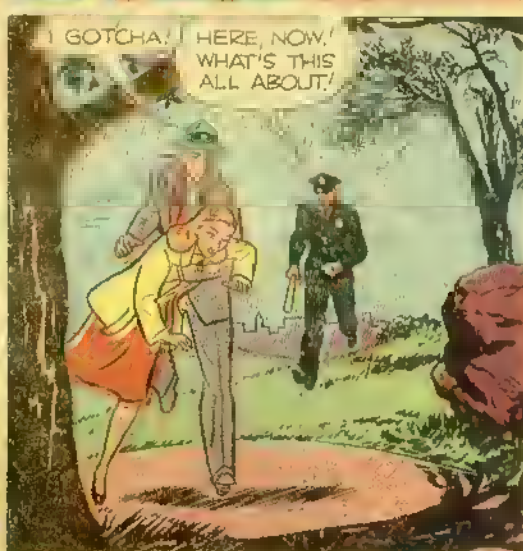
BUT THE GIRL RUNS THROUGH CENTRAL PARK LIKE A DEER.

KEEP AFTER HER, PEE WEE! MAYBE I CAN HEAD HER OFF THIS WAY!

MIGOSH, RANCE! SHE'S QUICKER'N GREASY LIGHTNING!



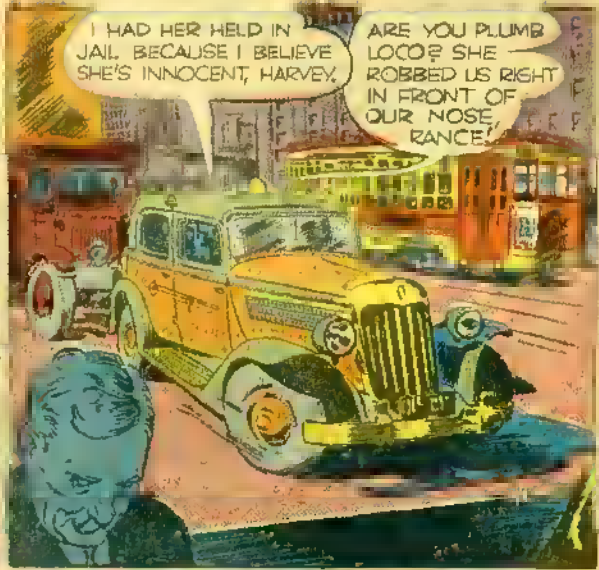
GOTCHA! HERE, NOW, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT!



AT THE POLICE STATION THE GIRL GIVES HER NAME AS CANDIDA KANE... RANCE KEANE HAS HER HELD ON SUSPICION...



I DON'T SEE WHY YOU HAD THE KANE GIRL HELD WHEN THE POLICE MATRON DIDN'T FIND THE CHART ON HER, RANCE.



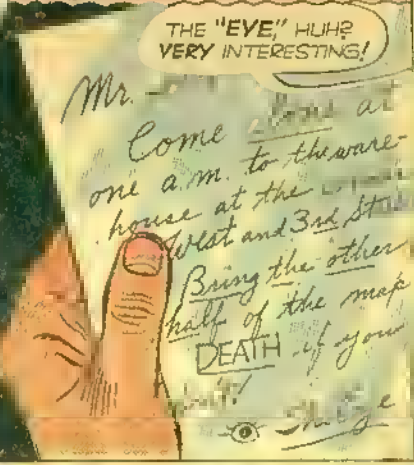
I HAD HER HELD IN JAIL BECAUSE I BELIEVE SHE'S INNOCENT, HARVEY.

ARE YOU PLUMB LOCO? SHE ROBBED US RIGHT IN FRONT OF OUR NOSE, RANCE!

BUT SHE'S INNOCENT, JUST THE SAME. SHE WAS SCARED TO DEATH TO TALK! AND WHY?... BECAUSE IF SHE DID, THE PERSON WHO PUT HER UP TO THE JOB WOULD "GET" HER... MAYBE KILL HER!... THAT'S THE PERSON I WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON!



AT THE HOTEL DESK HARVEY TOPPING RECEIVES A STRANGE NOTE...



THE "EVE" HUH? VERY INTERESTING!

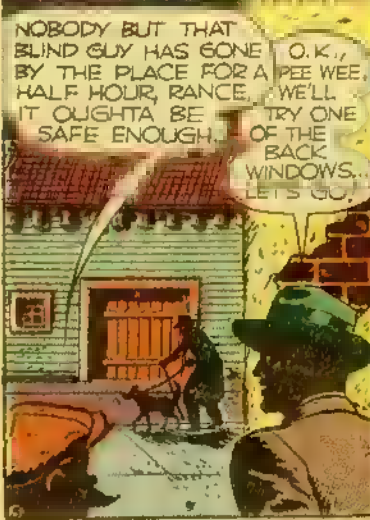


SHALL I GO, RANCE?

YES! WE'LL FIX UP A WELCOMING PARTY FOR THE "EVE" IN THIS SHOULD BE GOOD SPORT!

SPORT, HE CALL IT... AND WE ALL MAY BE DEADDER 'N HERRING IN THE MORNING!

SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT, RANCE AND HIS FRIEND PEE WEE LEE HEAD FOR THE WAREHOUSE.....



HOLD STILL, PEE WEE! YOU'RE SHAKING SO HARD I CAN HARDLY HANG ON TO THIS WINDOW LEDGE! YOU'RE NOT SCARED, ARE YOU?



WHY NO, I CAN'T KEEP 'EM FROM CHATTERING!

RANCE GIVES PEE WEE A HAND UP.. BUT JUST AS RANCE LEAPS LIGHTLY TO THE FLOOR INSIDE, THERE'S A SWISH... A THUD... AND RANCE SEES NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE STARS!



RANCE!

LEAPING BRAVELY INTO THE DARK, PEE WEE FLAILS ABOUT HIM WITH HIS FISTS... AND STRIKES NOTHING BUT EMPTY AIR... A SECOND LATER THE STREET DOOR OPENS AND A MAN DASHES OUT...

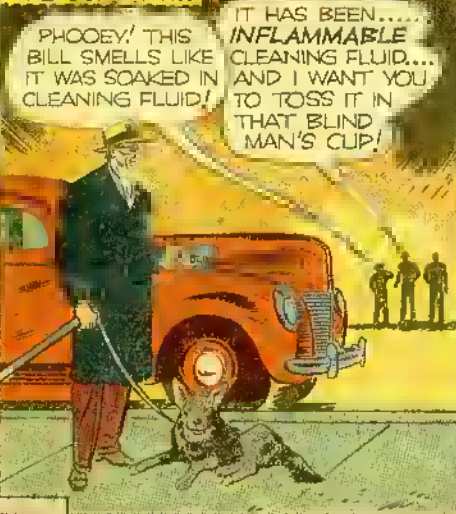


NEXT MORNING, AT HARVEY TOPPING'S HOTEL



GOT WHAT...A NO CHUMP! I KNOW HOW HE GOT HEADACHE? AROUND IN THE K, HOW HE KNEW WE WERE THERE, HOW HE SPIED ON HARVEY ALL THE TIME, HOW THAT GIRL GOT RID OF THE CHART SO FAST... COME ON! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

DOWN THE STREET THEY GO, AND UP TO THE CORNER...



PEE WEE DOES AS HE'S TOLD... FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND, RANCE TOSSES A LIT MATCH INTO THE CUP AND IT BURSTS INTO FLAMES!!!

LOOK OUT, YOU LUNATIC! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, BURN ME UP? WELL, YOU CAN HOG-TIE ME AND ALL MY KIDS THE GUY AIN'T BLIND AT ALL!



WHEN THE "BLIND MAN" TRIES TO PULL A GUN...



AT THE POLICE STATION, RANCE CONFRONTS THE "BLIND MAN" WITH THE GIRL.....

YOU CAN SPEAK SAFELY NOW, MISS KANE. THIS CROOK IS DUE FOR A LONG STRETCH IN THE "PEN." HE MADE ME STEAL THAT CHART OF MR. TOPPING'S! I KNOW WHERE HE HAS IT HIDDEN TOO!



THE "BLIND MAN" SAFELY JAILED, CANDIDA KANE TAKES OUR FRIENDS TO THE BLIND MAN'S ROOM WHERE THEY FIND THE CHART...

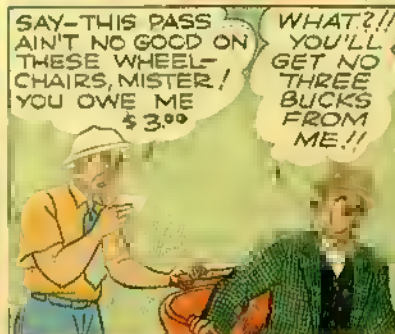
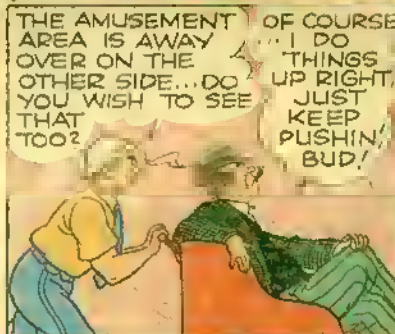
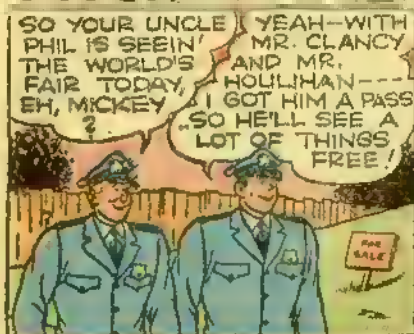
I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, MISS KANE. MY SHARE OF THE TREASURE WHEN GIRL TO HELP US AS YOU DID! WHY DON'T YOU CUT HER IN FOR MY SHARE OF THE TREASURE WHEN WE FIND IT, HARVEY!





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

BUT, NIPPIE—
D'YA THINK
YOU CAN SING
GOOD ENOUGH
TO BE IN THE
GLEE CLUB?

SAY—I'LL
BE IN
ALRIGHT,
WHEN THE
TEACHER
HEARS
ME!

WAIT—STOP!
CHILDREN...
STOP!!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

MICHAEL—OO
YOU AN' TOM
WANTA SAIL
ON THE LAKE?
I'M GONNA
RENT A
BOAT...

NO THANKS,
UNCLE PHIL...
WE'RE GOIN'
FOR A NICE
HIKE INTO
THE MOUNTAINS

ARE YOU SURE
YOU CAN SAIL
HER, MISTER?
IT'S KINDA
WINDY OUT
THERE.

LISTEN, BUD...
I'VE SAILED
AROUND THE
WORLD MANY
TIMES, AND I
NEVER USED
A SAILBOAT
MORE THAN 8
LEFT LONES!

BOATS
FOR
RENT



WOW! THIS HIKE IS KILLIN'
ME, MICKEY... IF WE'D HAVE
GONE SAILIN' WITH YOUR
UNCLE WE'D BEEN SMART...
AN' WE WOULDN'T BE TRYIN'
TO THUMB A RIDE
LIKE THIS!

YEAH!

HEY THERE....

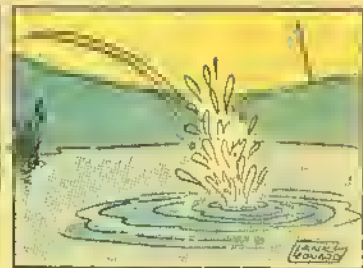


NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

DON'T TRY TO
KNOCK YOUR BEST
BALL ACROSS THAT
POND, NIPPIE... USE
AN OLD BALL!

AW--
I WON'T
LOSE
IT IN
THERE

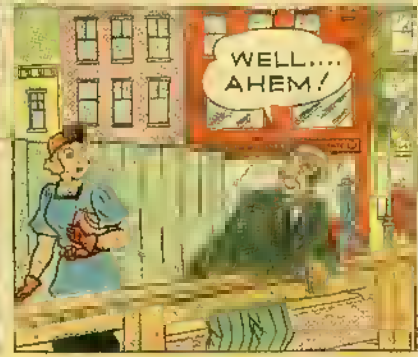


MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

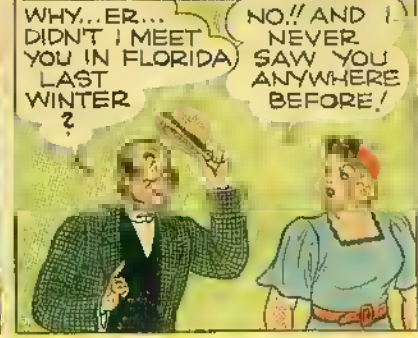
DID YOUR UNCLE
PHIL REALLY
PROMISE YOU
THAT HE'D STAY
OUT OF CLANCY'S
TAVERN,
MICHAEL?

YES--I
SHOWED
HIM THAT
HE ALWAYS
GETS IN
TROUBLE
THERE,
MA!



WELL...
AHEM!

BOY!



WHY...ER...
DIDN'T I MEET
YOU IN FLORIDA
LAST
WINTER
?

NO!! AND I
NEVER
SAW YOU
ANYWHERE
BEFORE!

WELL NOW--
THAT'S NO
REASON WE
CAN'T BE FRIENDS,
IS IT?

OH... SO YOU
WANTA
BE REAL
FRIENDLY,
EH?



SURE! WHAT
D'YA SAY IF
WE TAKE IN
A MOVIE,
HUH?

WELL--FIRST
I WANT TO
STOP IN A
PLACE DOWN
HERE TO SEE A
FRIEND....

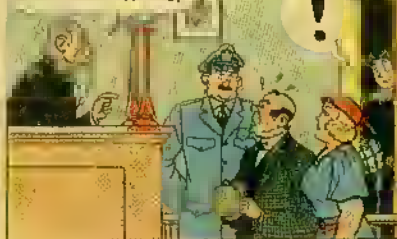


YEAH. .YEAH, MICKEY. HE
PLIRTED WITH A POLICEWOMAN
AN' THEY GOT HIM HERE....

YOU BETTER
GET RIGHT
DOWN!!

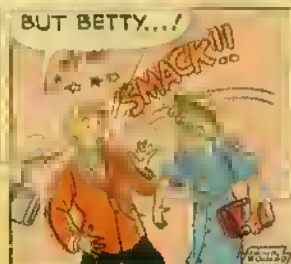
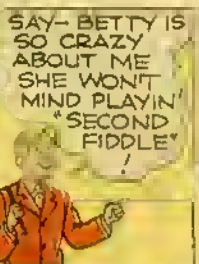
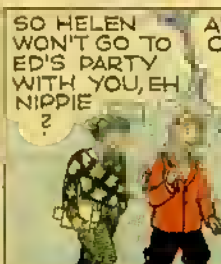


A MASHER, EH?
WELL-- TEN
DOLLARS, OR
TEN DAYS!!



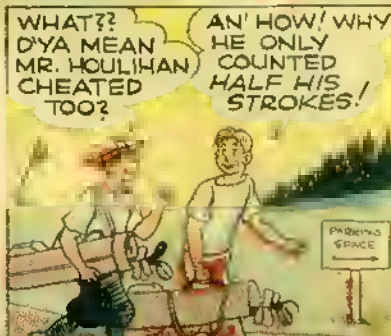
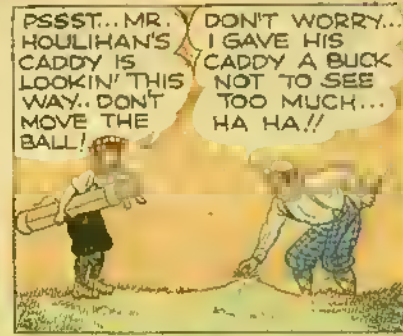
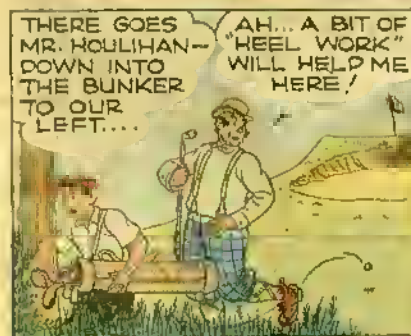
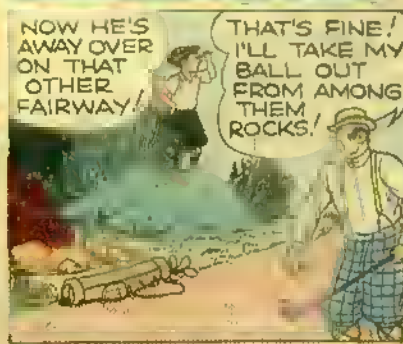
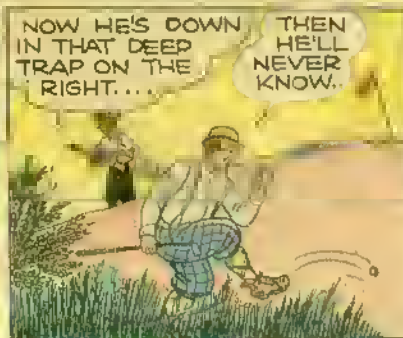
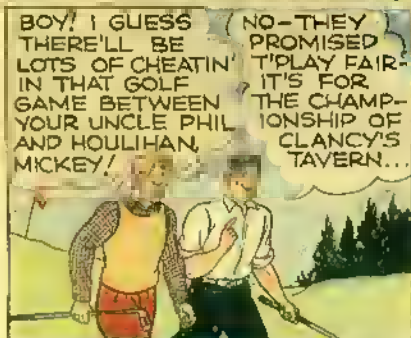
GEE--MAYBE YOU'RE
BETTER OFF IN THERE
AFTER ALL... BUT
DON'T BE LATE FOR
SUPPER!





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



DUSTY DANE

GENERAL YIN, A
BOATLOAD OF ARMS
WILL ATTEMPT TO RUN
OUR ENEMY'S
BLOCKADE INTO
CHINA NEXT
WEEK!

GOOD! WE
NEED THAT
WAR
MATERIAL
BADLY!

SOMEWHERE ON THE PACIFIC A
STORM-BATTERED FREIGHTER
WALLOWS THROUGH THE SWELLS

THAT BLASTED STORM
SLOWED US UP, BUT WE
MUST MAKE PORT
BEFORE THE INVADER
PATROL SPOTS US!

老子
老子

CAPTAIN
GALT! SMALL
BOAT TO
STARBOARD!

OFF THEIR COURSE, DUSTY DANE
AND BIG MIKE CARDIGAN ARE
RIDING OUT THE STORM, WITH
FOOD AND WATER ALMOST
GONE...

LOOK, DUSTY!
A SHIP!

YIPPEE!
RUN
UP OUR
DISTRESS
SIGNAL!

THE FREIGHTER
LOOMS ALONGSIDE

AHOY!
HEAVE US
A LINE!

I'M CAPTAIN JOHN
GALT.. AND YOU'LL
WORK YOUR WAY
ON THIS SHIP!

WAIT A MINUTE!
THIS WAD WILL
BUY OUR PASSAGE
ON EVEN THE
QUEEN MARY!

NO.. GIMME!!
YOU'LL STILL
WORK YOUR
WAY!

YOU
BIG SEA
APE!

UGH! TAKE THIS
THICK-HEADED
MICK BELOW!

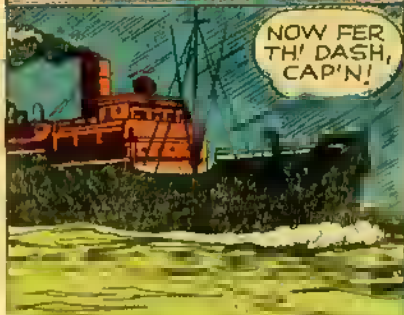
POW

DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE
SHIP, MIKE AND DUSTY ARE
PUT TO WORK...

LET'S SEE YA
FIGGER A WAY
OUTTA THIS
ONE!

A HEAVY FOG BLANKETS THE SEA AS CAPTAIN GALT NEARS THE COAST OF CHINA...

NOW FER TH' DASH, CAP'N!



YEAH! TELL THEM MONKEYS IN THE STOKE HOLD T'HEAVE ON COAL!



FULL SPEED AHEAD



FULL SPEED AHEAD... AND WE'RE IN THE CHINA SEAS! I GOT IT. GALT'S TRYING TO RUN THE INVADERS' BLOCKADE!



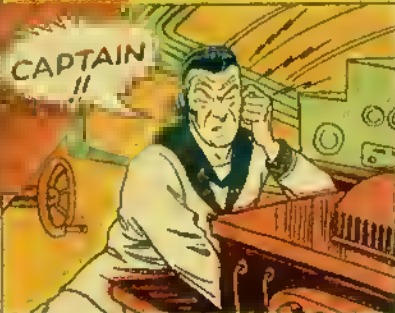
YEAH. AN' IF WE'RE CAUGHT ON THIS SCOW IT'S CURTAINS FOR US!



WITH NO LIGHTS AND ENGINES POUNDING, CAPTAIN GALT DASHES FOR HIS PORT.



BUT THE DELICATE HYDROPHONES OF AN ENEMY SUBMARINE PICK UP THE SOUND OF THE ENGINES...



...AND SOON A SEARCHLIGHT STABS THE DARKNESS, REVEALING THE SHIP...

HEAVE TO... OR WE OPEN FIRE !!

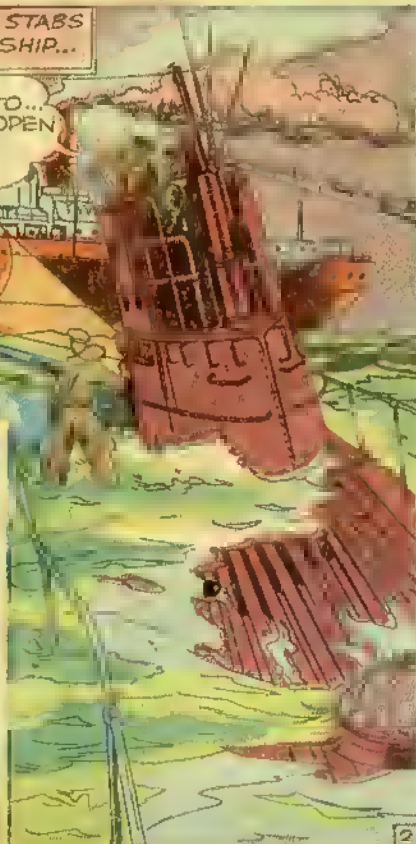
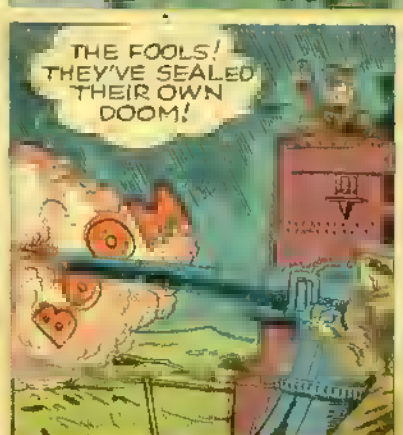


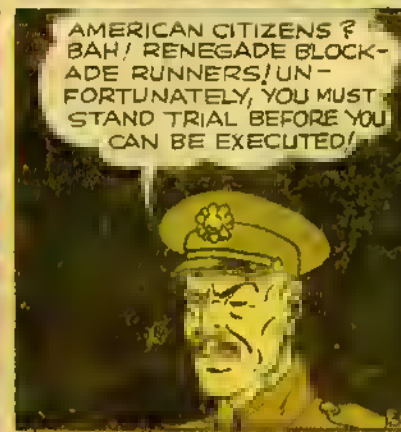
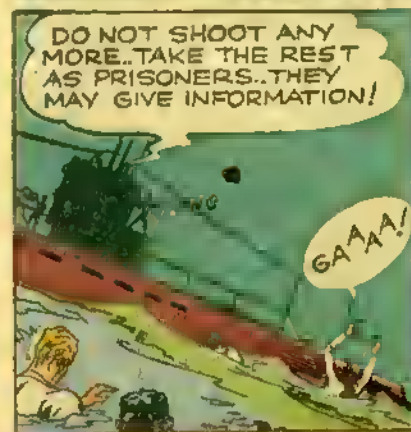
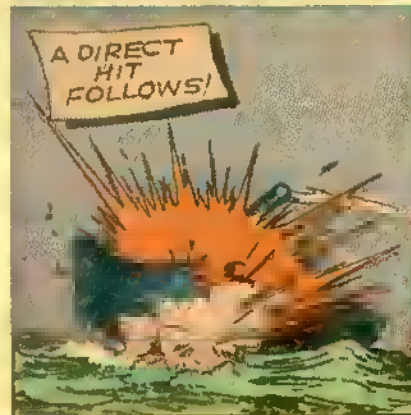
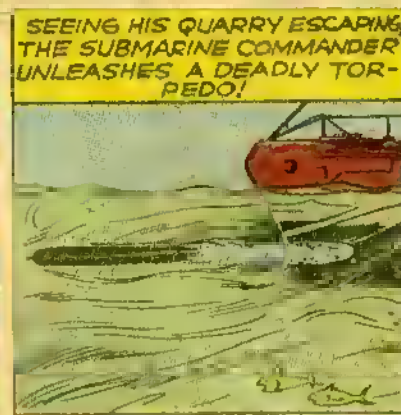
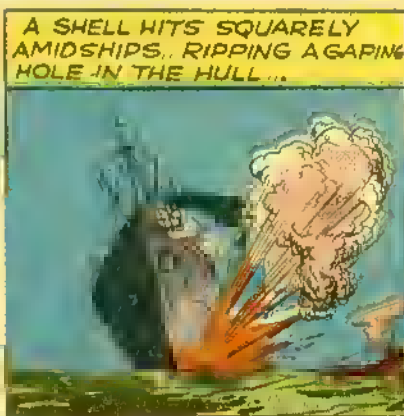
THEY GOT US!

WE'RE GONNA MAKE A RUN FOR IT! I'M DELIVERIN' THESE ARMS, SO I CAN GET MY DOUGH!



THE FOOLS! THEY'VE SEALED THEIR OWN DOOM!

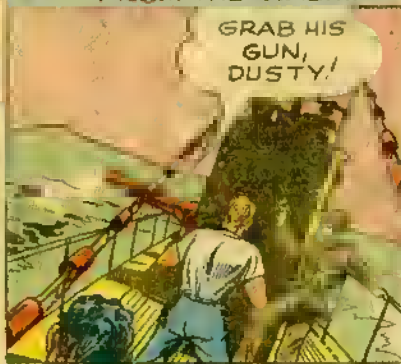




THE FREIGHTER POISES
FOR ITS FATAL PLUNGE...
THEN GOES UNDER, CREAT-
ING A HUGE WAVE...



THE U-BOAT TIPS CRAZILY
FROM THE WASH...



GRAB HIS
GUN,
DUSTY!

O.K.! UNLESS YOU
WANT TO BE AN ANGEL,
HEAD THIS SUB
TOWARD SHORE!



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN GALT
BEACHES THE LAUNCH...



YOU'VE FAILED!
AND EXPOSED
OUR POSITION!

BUT, VIN...
LISTEN...

MIKE, WE OUGHTA
REACH SHORE NEARLY
AS SOON AS GALT.
AND WE'LL RUN IN
HARD ENOUGH TO BEACH
THIS PIG BOAT! YOU'RE
COMIN' TOO, CAPTAIN!



THE CHINESE ARE ENRAGED
OVER GALT'S FAILURE TO
DELIVER THE MUNITIONS.



SO...PREPARE
TO DIE!

NO!
NO!

SUDDENLY A STRANGE TRIO
DASH FROM THE SURF...



COME ON, MIKE!
THERE'S ENOUGH
FOR BOTH OF
US!

A BATTLE ROYAL ENSUES...



SAVE GALT
FER ME,
DUSTY!



NO BACK-
TALK
SOLDIER!

THERE! AN' I'LL MEET YA
WITH A LEFT ON
TH' REBOUND,
GALT!



NOW, TELL THIS
OFFICER THAT
WE AIN'T
REALLY A
PART OF
YOUR RATTY
CREW... QUICK!



OKAY..OKAY!
THA'S
RIGHT!
YOU GUYS
WERE
SHANGHAIED!

LATER...

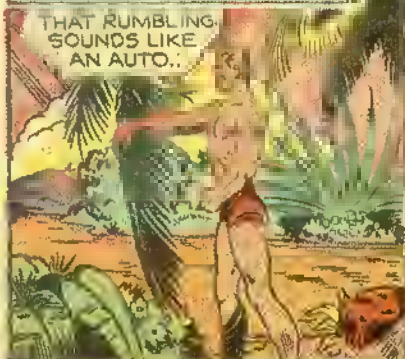


OUR HUMBLE
APOLOGIES..WE
WILL CONNECT YOU
WITH PASSAGE
TO SINGAPORE!

THANKS
CAP..
THERE
MIGHT
BE
SOME
EXCIT-
IN
SINGAPORE!

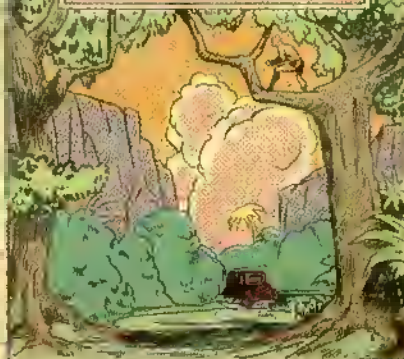


SAMAR IS WANDERING
ACROSS THE VELDT WHEN...



THAT RUMBLING
SOUNDS LIKE
AN AUTO...

TAKING TO THE TREES, HE
SEES A TRUCK BELOW...



THEY'RE HEADING STRAIGHT
TOWARDS THAT ANIMAL PIT!
THEY'LL BE IMPALED ON
THOSE SHARP
STAKES!



HE DROPS FROM THE TREES
IN FRONT OF THEM...



HALT!

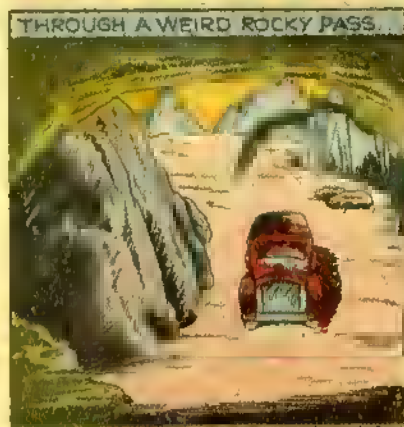
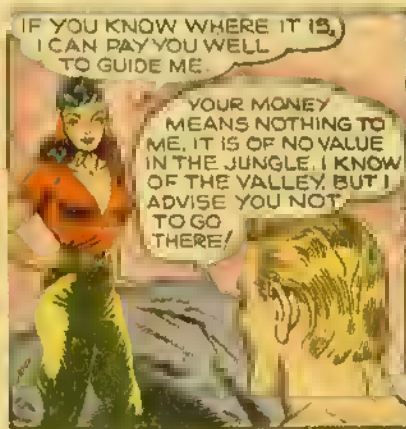
THE TRUCK SCREECHES TO AN
ABRUPT HALT. AN IRATE GIRL
STEPS FORTH...

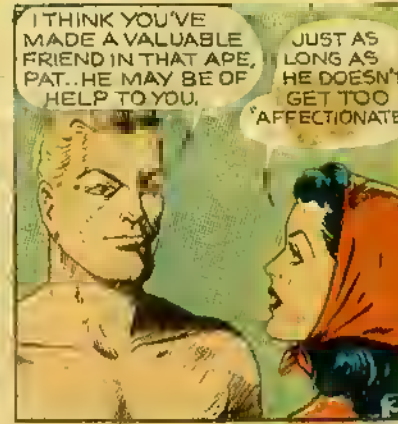
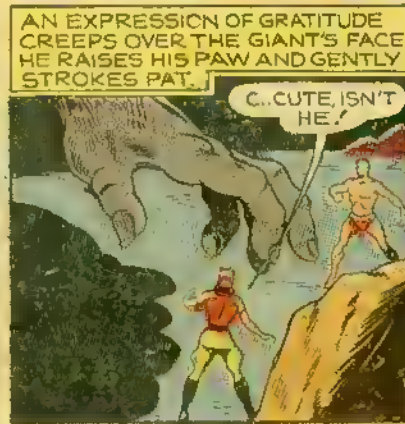
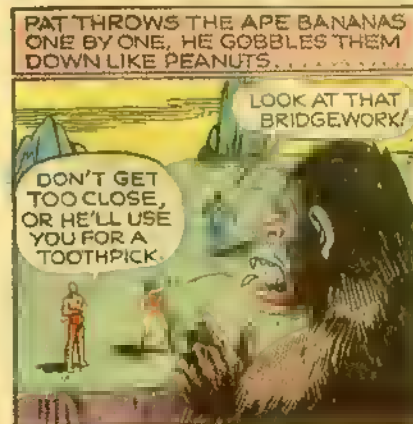
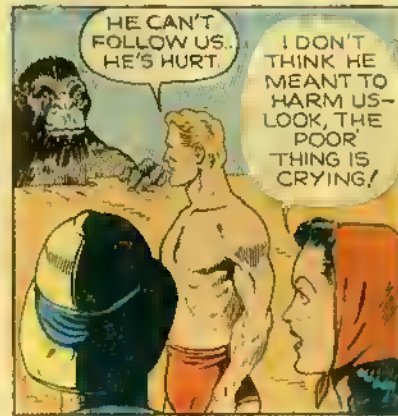


SAY!

WHAT'S
THE IDEA,
YOU BIG LUG?
WE ALMOST
RAN YOU
DOWN!



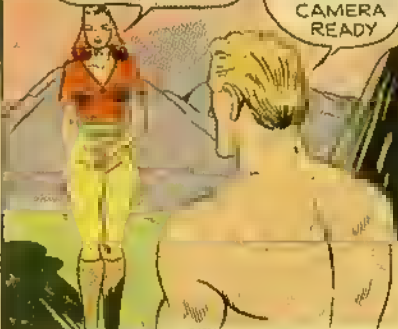




THE NEXT MORNING

WELL, SHALL WE START DOWN, SAMAR?

IF YOU HAVE YOUR CAMERA READY



BUCK, YOU STAY AND KEEP OUR BIG PAL COMPANY.



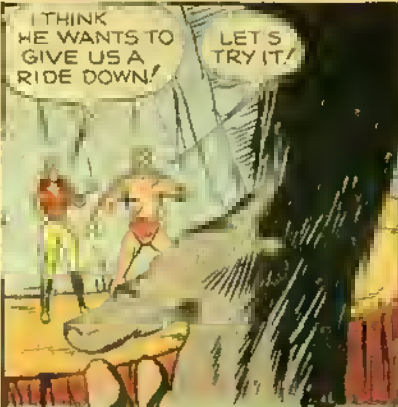
THEY START DOWN INTO THE VALLEY...

LOOK, THE APE'S PAW!



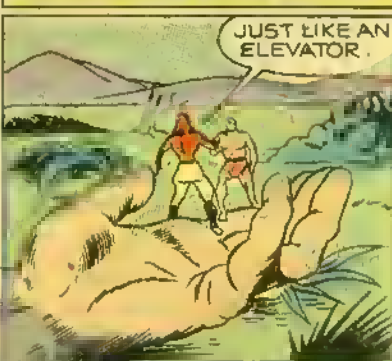
I THINK HE WANTS TO GIVE US A RIDE DOWN!

LET'S TRY IT!



THE GIANT DEPOSITS THEM GENTLY ON THE VALLEY'S FLOOR.

JUST LIKE AN ELEVATOR.



THEY STUMBLE UPON A HOME OF SABERTOOTH TIGERS.

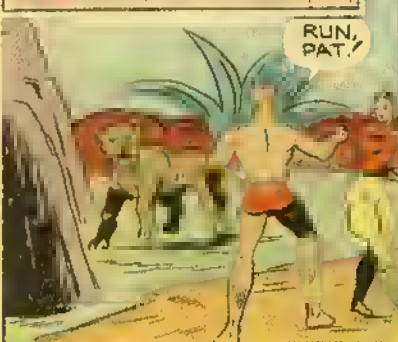
BE CAREFUL, THE MOTHER MAY BE CLOSE BY.

LOOK, AREN'T THEY CUTE? I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SHOTS OF THEM



THERE IS A BLOOD-CURDLING ROAR AS THE MOTHER TIGER SIGHS THE INTRUDERS.

RUN, PAT!



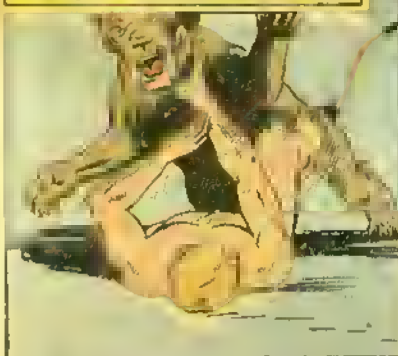
AS THE BEAST SPRINGS, SAMAR DODGES AGILELY AND LEAPS ON HER BACK.



OVER AND OVER THEY ROLL, AS SAMAR FIGHTS THE FIERCEST BATTLE IN HIS LIFE...



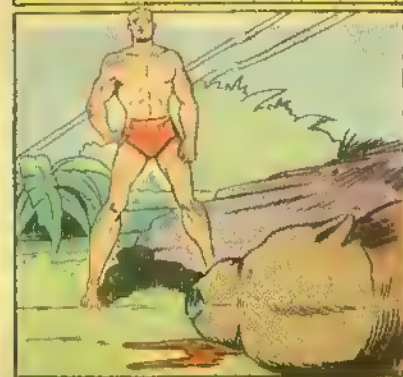
SAMAR LOSES HIS FOOTING AND IS ALMOST IMPALED ON THE BEAST'S SHARP TUSKS.



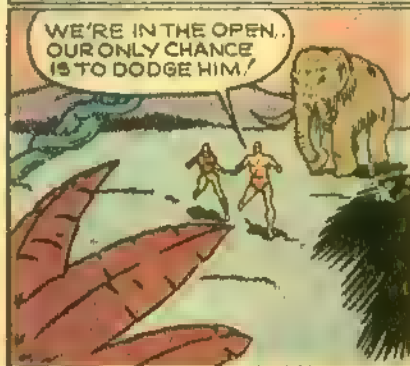
BUT HE REGAINS HIS HOLD AND PLUNGES HIS KNIFE DEEP INTO THE ANIMAL'S THROAT...



AND MODERN MAN RISES VICTORIOUS OVER PRE-HISTORIC BEAST.



AS THEY START TOWARD CAMP A HUGE MASTADON CHARGES THEM.



AS THE BEAST GAINS ON THEM, PAT SCREAMS IN TERROR...



THE HUGE APE, HEARING PAT SHRIEK, REALIZES HER DANGER.



DESPITE HIS INJURED LEG HE AMBLES FORTH TO DO BATTLE.



THE APE REACHES THE SCENE AS THE TUSKER'S IS ALMOST UPON THEM.



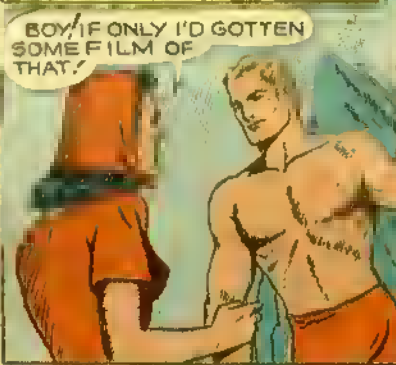
SEIZING THE MONSTER LIKE A TOY, HE SLAMS HIM TO THE GROUND.



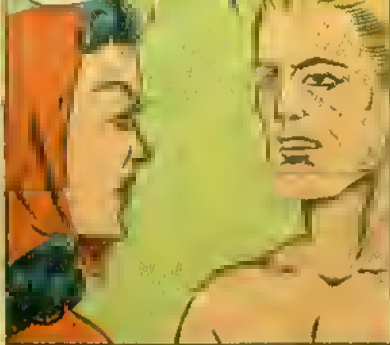
THEN GRABBING THE MASTADON BY THE TAIL, HE SWINGS HIM OVER HIS HEAD AND INTO A LAKE.



THE GIANT PICKS THEM UP AND RETURNS THEM TO THEIR CAMP.



WAIT A MINUTE, MY CAMERA'S GONE! IT WAS CRUSHED BY THE MAMMOTH.



WELL, I GUESS IT'S FOR THE BEST. AS YOU SAY, THE VALLEY IS BETTER LEFT UNEXPLORED.



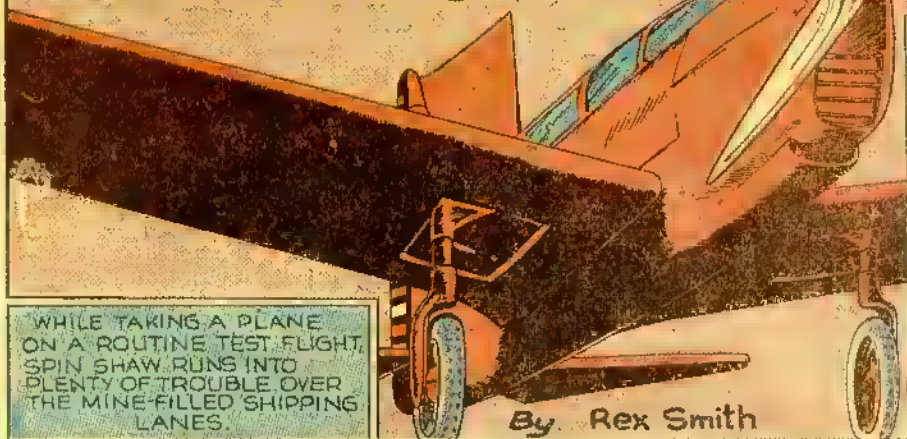
THEY BID FAREWELL TO THE HUGE APE AND DEPART DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.



More daring deeds of Samar in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS.

SPIN SHAW

OF THE
NAVAL AIR CORPS



WHILE TAKING A PLANE ON A ROUTINE TEST FLIGHT, SPIN SHAW RUNS INTO PLENTY OF TROUBLE OVER THE MINE-FILLED SHIPPING LANES.

By Rex Smith

AT THE WESTERN NAVAL AIR BASE, HUGE CRANES BUZZ BUSILY.



"PEANUTS," GUNNER FOR CAPTAIN SHAW, SAUNTERS INTO THE ROOM.



SAY, CAPTAIN THE SKIPPER WANTS TO SEE US RIGHT AWAY!

WHY, WHAT'S UP, PEANUTS?



THE "OLD MAN" SAID SOMETHING ABOUT TESTING SOME NEW PLANES.



AT HEADQUARTERS...



CAPTAIN SHAW REPORTING, SIR.

THE NEW AIRPLANES HAVE ARRIVED... I WANT YOU TO TEST THEM.



GIVE THEM THE REQUIRED TESTS AND NOTHING ELSE! YOU HAVE AN UNCANNY KNACK OF... WELL..



OF FINDING ADVENTURE ON SIMPLE ASSIGNMENTS. SO ON THIS HOR STOP FOR NOTHING!



YES, SIR. I DON'T THINK ANYTHING WILL HAPPEN!



MAJOR GRAVES WALKS WITH THEM TO THE NEW FIGHTERS

SWEET LOOKING JOB, EH, PEANUTS?



SPIN AND PEANUTS CLIMB INTO THE LEAD PLANE . . .

NOW REMEMBER, CAPTAIN, COME STRAIGHT BACK..GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, SIR!

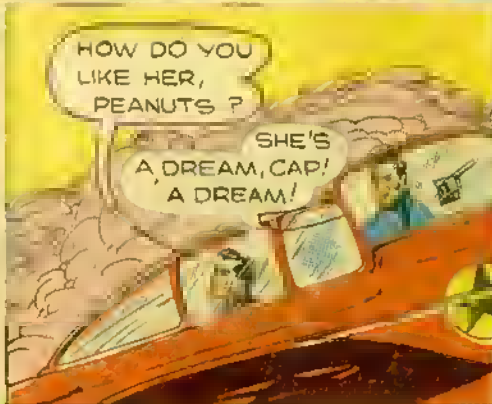


SPIN LEADS THE FLEET OF THREE INTO THE AIR



HOW DO YOU LIKE HER, PEANUTS?

SHE'S A DREAM, CAP! A DREAM!



PEANUTS EXAMINES THE NEW GUNS..

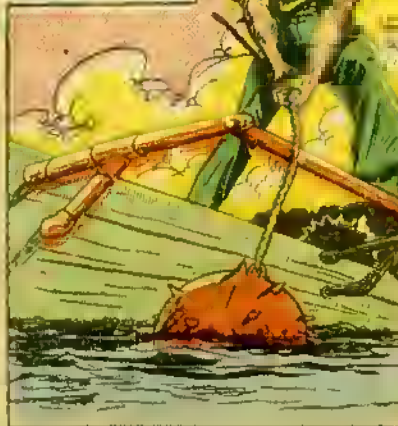
BOY! I'D LOVE TO TRY THIS ON A REAL TARGET!



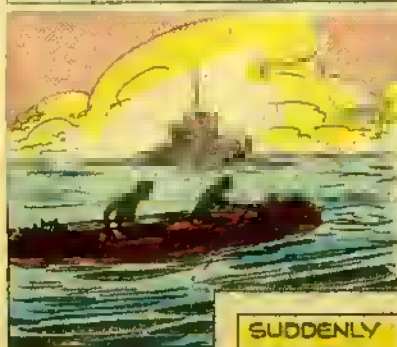
THEIR COURSE TAKES THEM SOUTHWARD OVER THE PACIFIC



HUGE MINES ARE BEING FLOATED.



MEANWHILE, DIRECTLY IN THE SHIPPING LANE, TWO MEN CAUTIOUSLY ROW AWAY FROM A GUNBOAT..

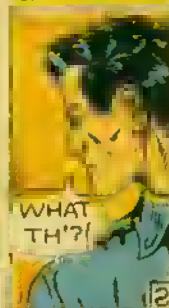


SUDDENLY SPIN SHAW SEES THE OPERATIONS

THEIR LEADER SPEAKS.

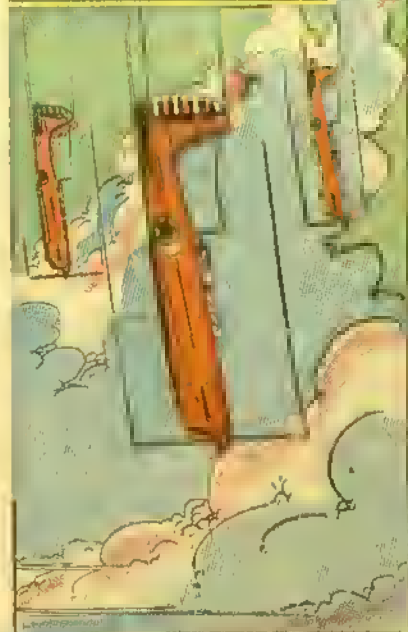


HURRY UP THERE, MEN!

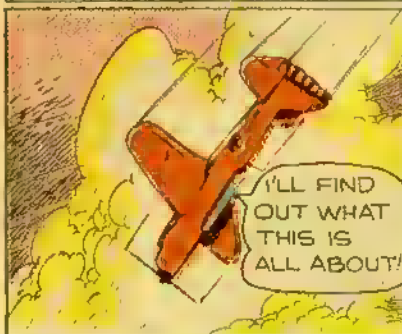


WHAT TH'?

SPIN SHAW PUTS THE PLANES THROUGH TEST AFTER TEST.



SIGNALLING THE OTHERS TO RETURN TO THE BASE, SPIN WHIPS INTO A OVE



BUT PEANUTS TAKES A HAND.



DISGUSTEDLY, SPIN PULLS UP.



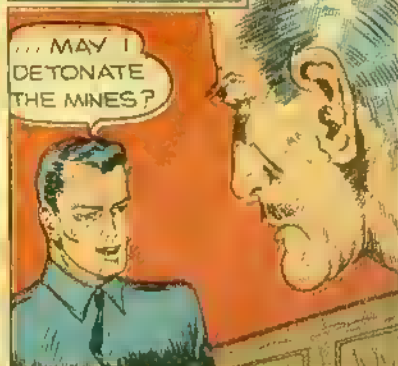
AND HEADS FOR HOME



HE ENTERS THE MAJOR'S QUARTERS.



SHAW EXPLAINS.



I NEVER SAW IT FAIL TO HAPPEN! YOU FOUND TROUBLE AGAIN! ALL RIGHT, BLAST THOSE MINES FROM THE WATERS!



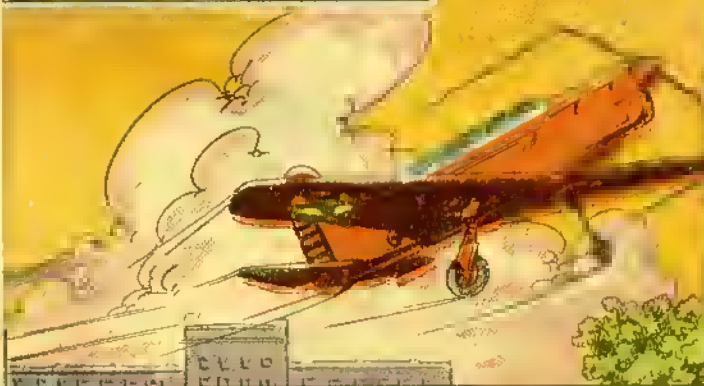
THAT GUNBOAT IS NO DOUBT GONE BY NOW, BUT IF IT HASN'T, DON'T START ANYTHING!



SPIN LEAVES THE BUILDING ON THE RUN.



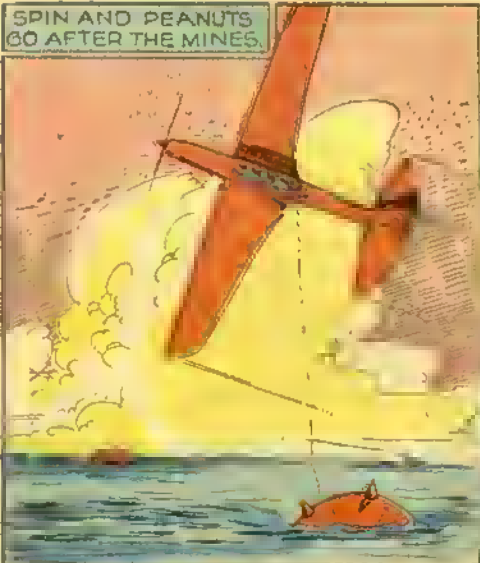
AGAIN SPIN SHAW TAKES OFF.



THE GUNBOAT IS LEAVING AS SHAW REACHES THE FLOATING MINES.



SPIN AND PEANUTS
GO AFTER THE MINES.



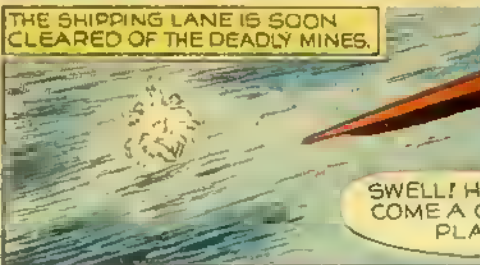
ONE AFTER ANOTHER,
THEY ARE EXPLODED.



CAREFULLY THEY SEARCH THE
SURFACE OF THE OCEAN.

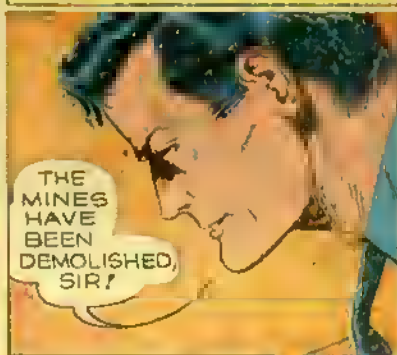


THE SHIPPING LANE IS SOON
CLEARED OF THE DEADLY MINES.



THAT'S THE
LAST ONE,
SPIN!

SPIN GETS IN TOUCH WITH
MAJOR GRAVES.



THE
MINES
HAVE
BEEN
DEMOLISHED,
SIR!

AS HE TALKS, SPIN
FIGHTS FOR ALTITUDE.



WE'VE JUST BEEN
ATTACKED BY TWO
SEAPLANES, SIR!
I'LL HAVE TO
FIGHT!

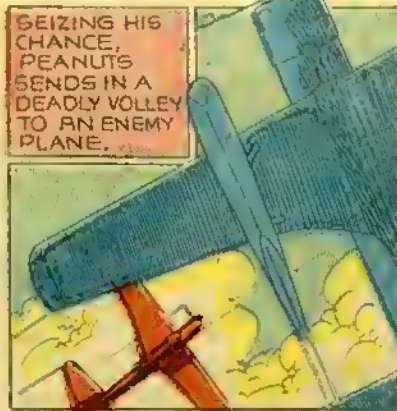
BAH! FIGHT!
ORDERLY GET
MY PLANE OUT!



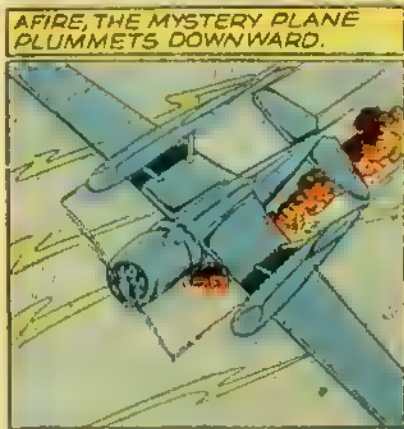
MEANWHILE, SPIN
ENGAGES THE TWO
PLANES.



SEIZING HIS
CHANCE,
PEANUTS
SENDS IN A
DEADLY VOLLEY
TO AN ENEMY
PLANE.



AFIRE, THE MYSTERY PLANE
PLUMMETS DOWNWARD.



SPIN BANKS TOWARD THE
SECOND PLANE.



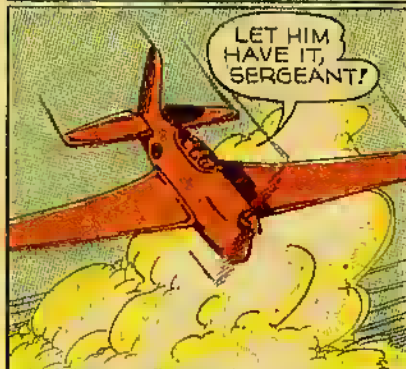
HEY! HE'S
RUNNING!

THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, THE
UNKNOWN PILOT HEADS FOR
THE CLOUDS.

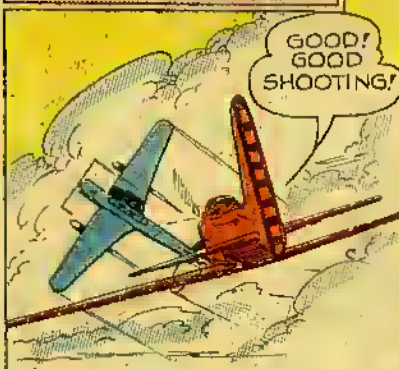


KEEP YOUR
GUN READY,
PEANUTS! WE'LL
CATCH HIM
EASILY.

QUICKLY SPIN COMES WITHIN FIRING RANGE.



PEANUTS RAKES THE SHIP WITH BULLETS.



THE SECOND PLANE GOES DOWN IN FLAMES.



A SHORT TIME LATER SPIN REACHES THE BASE.



SPIN! YOU ALL RIGHT? AFTER COME INTO MY OFFICE, CAPTAIN, AND MAKE YOUR REPORT!



IT'S O.K., PEANUTS. THE MAJOR SAID WE DID WELL. HE'S PROMISED US SOME REAL ACTION AGAIN ... IN ABOUT A MONTH!



MYSTIFY YOUR FRIENDS
BOYS! WITH UNCANNY FEATS OF CHEMISTRY

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Lala Palooza

GOOD NEIGHBOR
POLICY

HM-A DROP OF RAIN-I HOPE
IT DON'T SPOIL THE TRAP
SHOOTING MEET THAT MY
CLUB IS HAVING
TODAY!

WELL, CARTERET-MAYBE
YOU DON'T THINK I'M
ATTRACTIVE ANYMORE, EH?
WELL JUST LOOK AT VINCENT
PALOOZA WAVING AN' FLIRTIN'
WITH ME!

I'LL MAKE CARTERET
JEALOUS-I'LL FLIRT
RIGHT BACK AT
MISTER PALOOZA!

HUMPH

GOOD NIGHT! HAS MRS.
MC SHULTZ GONE BATTY?
SHE'S FLIRTING WITH ME-
UNDER THE VERY NOSE
OF HER HUSBAND!

I GUESS ALL WOMEN ARE
SLIGHTLY BALMY-
I'M GOING
SHOOTING!

OH
VINCENT,
COME
HERE!

WILL YOU DROP THESE
FLOWERS OVER TO
MRS. MC SHULTZ-
SHE LOVES
FLOWERS-

NOT
MRS.
MC SHULTZ-
PLEASE,
LALA!

NOW LOOK-HERE HE COMES
WITH **BOUQUETS** FOR ME
AND **BULLETS**
FOR YOU!

ARE YOU GONNA LET HIM
KILL YOU
AND CARRY
ME OFF?
I'LL SAY
I AINT-
WHERE'S MY
LODGE **SWORD?**

RETREAT, YOU FAT
HOME WRECKER-
OR I'LL SPEAR
YA LIKE AN
ANCHOVIE!

AND YOU'D BETTER DROP
THAT BOUQUET TOO-
UNLESS Y'WANT IT FOR A
FUNERAL
WREATH!

CARTERET
MC SHULTZ,
I'M PROUD
OF YOU!

AW- THEM
SHEIK TYPES
IS ALWAYS
SET-UPS FOR
US STRONG,
SILENT
FELLAS!

ONLY YOU, VINCENT-
ONLY YOU CAN GO
OUT **SHOOTING**
AND COME BACK
WITH **STAB**
WOUNDS!

Lala Palooza

THE GIRL
NEXT DOOR

WELL—IF IT ISN'T VINCENT,
FROM NEXT DOOR!

H'LO,
MY SISTER
WANTS TO
BORROW A
LITTLE
BUTTER.

HOW NICE OF YOU TO COME
OVER, VINCENT—YOU MUST
KNOW HOW
I ADMIRE
YOU—

HOW
ABOUT
THE
BUTTER?

YOU MUTTER ABOUT
BUTTER— CAN'T YOU
SEE I LOVE YOU,
VINCENT
PALOOZA?

LET US DANCE, VINCENT—
DANCE TO THE RHYTHM OF
OUR THROBBING
ROMANCE!

WHOSE
?

HOLD ME IN
YOUR STRONG
ARMS, WHILE
YOU TELL
ME OF YOUR
LOVE FOR
ME!

I WILL NOT—
LEMMIE GO,
DAWGONE
YA!

AHEM

EEEEK!
IT'S SCARPUSS
SPOTOLI—
MY
FIANCEE!

I'LL
BET YOU
I DON'T
FEEL
GOOD!

WELL, IF Y'LOVE THIS
BLOATED BUTTER
BORROWER,
HE CAN HAVE
YA!

-AN' JUST T'MAKE
SURE HE GETS
YOU— I'M GOIN'
TO TH' WEDDIN'!

C'MON,
VINCENT!

marriage
Licenses

POP

HELP!

NEXT
DOOR

VINCENT, VINCENT!
WAKE UP! SOME-
BODY IS SCREAMING
NEXT DOOR—

ANYTHING
WRONG—
CAN I
HELP?

YES—
GO BACK
TO BED,
YOU FAT
NIGHTMARE

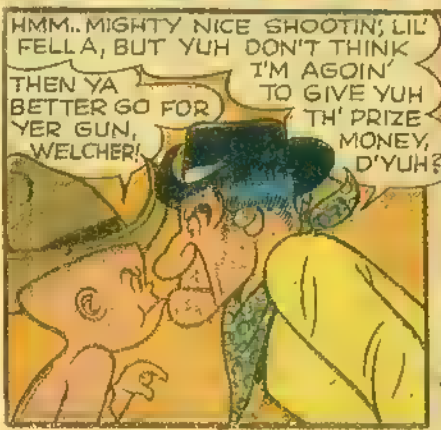
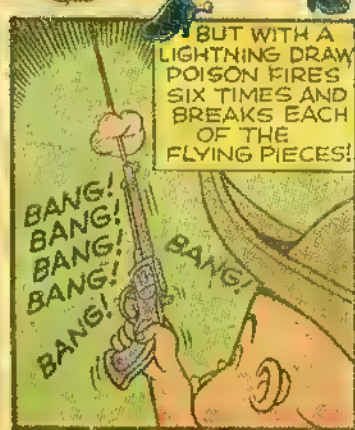
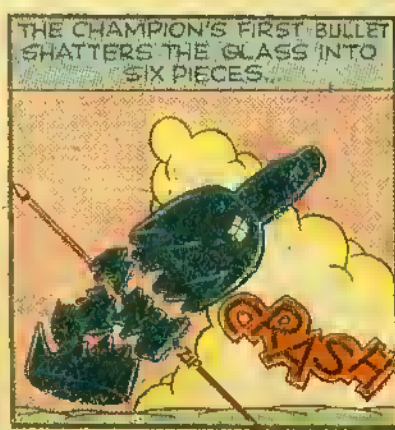
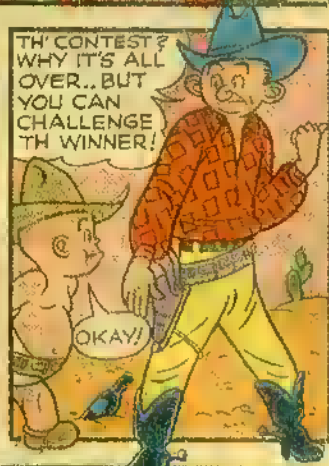
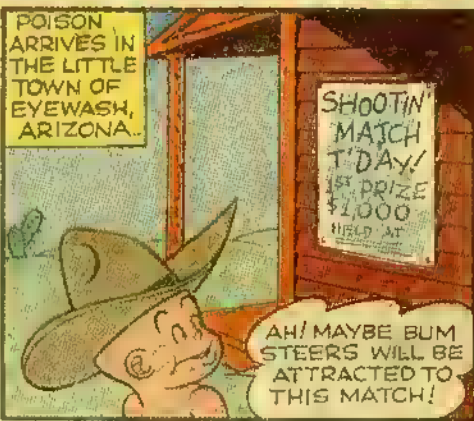
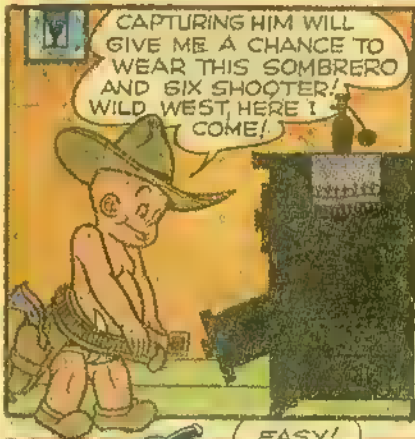
POISON IVY

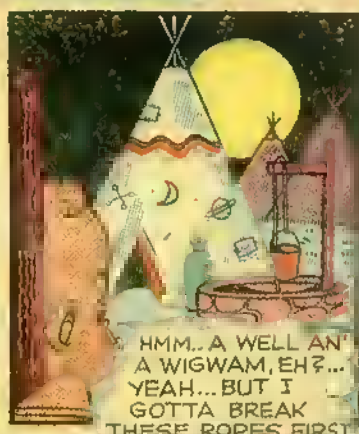
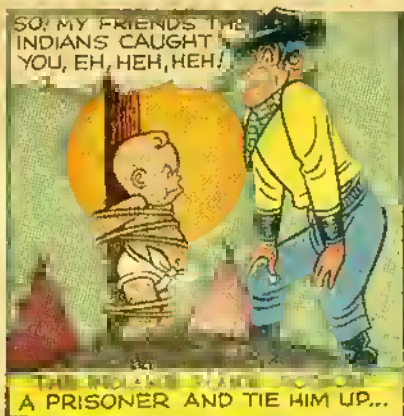
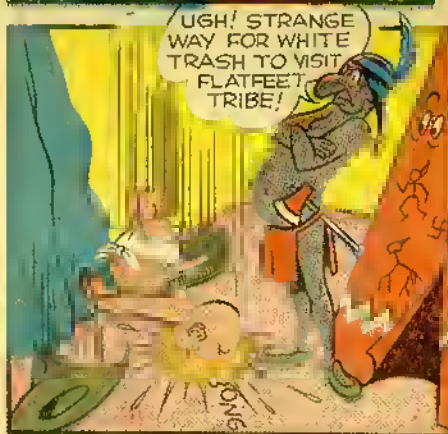
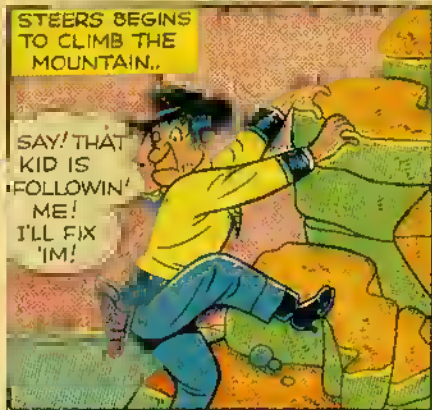
THE
MIGHTY
MITE

GILL
FOX

THE GUN BUM STEERS, THE LAST OF THE OLD WILD WEST BANDITS, ESCAPED LAST NIGHT FROM THE WESTERN PRISON AFTER SERVING 35 YEARS OF A LIFE SENTENCE!

GEE, A WILD WEST BANDIT!



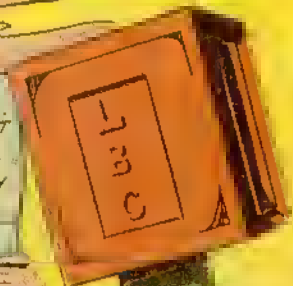


ZERO

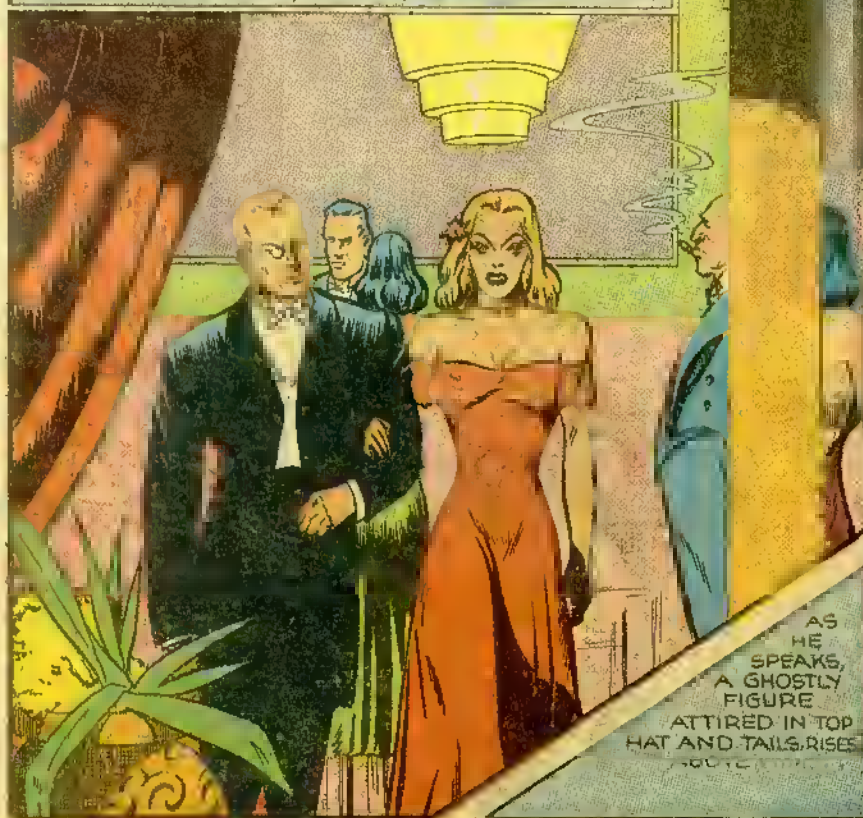
Ghost Detective

BY
Noel
Fowler

A HAUNTED NIGHT CLUB.
PHANTOMS IN THE MIDST
OF SOPHISTICATED
REVELRY. ONLY ZERO
CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERY
OF THE SKYSCRAPER
SPIRITS.



THE "MOON GLOW ROOM," ATOP THE BELLE PLAZA HOTEL.



THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES
TAKES THE FLOOR

TONIGHT WE INTRODUCE
THAT LOVELY SINGER...

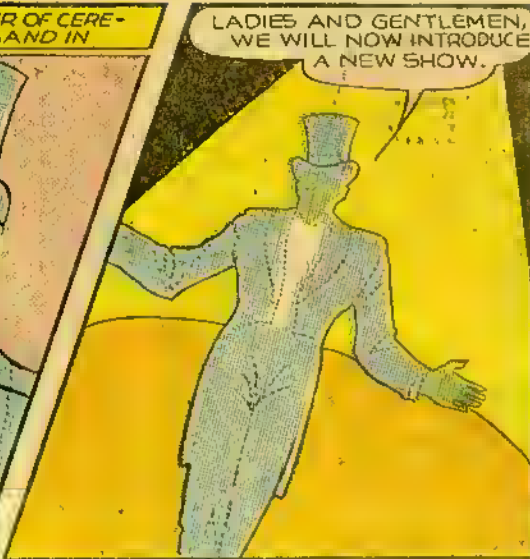


AS
HE
SPEAKS,
A GHOSTLY
FIGURE
ATTIRED IN TOP
HAT AND TAILS, RISES

GRADUALLY THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES DISAPPEARS, AND IN HIS PLACE STANDS THE GHOST.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE WILL NOW INTRODUCE A NEW SHOW.



NEVER BEFORE HAS ANY NIGHT CLUB PRESENTED A PERFORMANCE OF THIS SORT! PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE THE GHOST SHOW!



BEHIND THE CURTAIN STANDS THE STARTLED FIGURE OF THE MANAGER.



I NEVER ORDERED SUCH A SHOW! IT MUST BE SOME CRAZY ACTOR'S GAG! IT'LL RUIN MY BUSINESS!

BACK IN HIS LABORATORY THE FAMOUS GHOST DETECTIVE, ZERO, CONDUCTS AN EXPERIMENT.



BUT, ZERO, THIS IS A FASCINATING SHOW. YOU SHOULD SEE IT!

The New Times
GHOST SHOW BIGGEST HIT IN HISTORY OF SHOW BUSINESS!

AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT CROWDS FLOCK TO THE MOON GLOW ROOM TO SEE THE NEW SHOW.



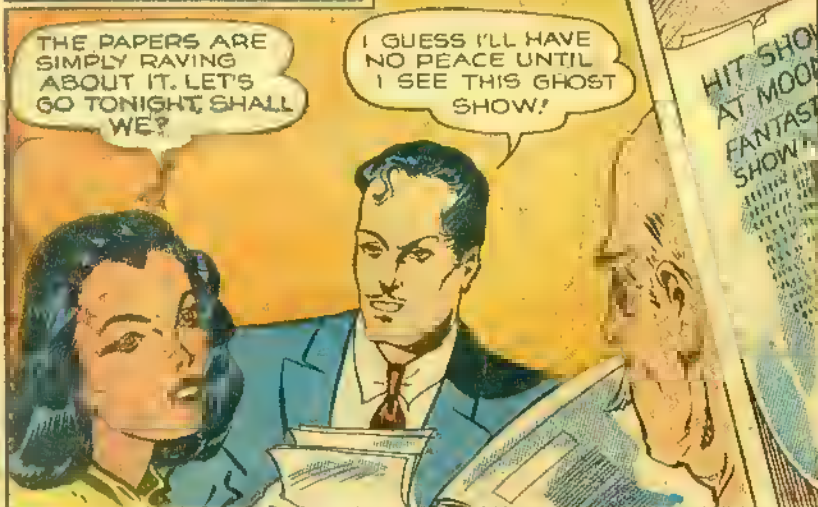
THE MANAGER IS STILL IN A DAZE AS TO THE SOURCE OF THE SENSATIONAL SHOW.



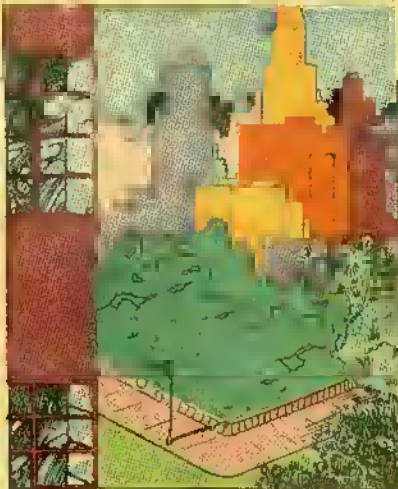
STOP WORRYING, JOE. I'M YOUR PRESS AGENT, AND I SAY YOU'VE GOT THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE WORLD RIGHT HERE. WHAT DO YOU CARE WHERE IT'S FROM? IT DON'T COST YOU A CENT!



AT THE HOME OF ZERO,
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER.



IN ANOTHER APARTMENT,
SITUATED AT THE NORTH
END OF RIVERSIDE DRIVE...



TOMMY MANNERS, WEALTHY
PLAYBOY, IS DRESSING...



BRING ME A SILK POCKET
HANDKERCHIEF, JEEVES.
I MUST LOOK MY
BEST TONIGHT



AT A CENTER TABLE ZERO
WATCHES THE GHOSTS REFORM



YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE'S
NEVER BEEN A SHOW
LIKE THIS! EXCUSE ME,
I'D LIKE TO SEE
THE MANAGER.



AS ZERO LEAVES THE ROOM,
TOMMY MANNERS ENTERS
WITH A GIRL.



IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE, ZERO PRESENTS HIM WITH A STARTLING FACT.



YOUR PERFORMERS HAPPEN TO BE REAL, LIVE GHOSTS. IT'S DANGEROUS TO LET THE SHOW CONTINUE, BUT TO AVERT A PANIC, I'LL LET THE SHOW GO ON TONIGHT.



SUDDENLY FROM THE MOON GLOW ROOM, A HORRIBLE SHRIEK COMES FROM PLAYBOY TOMMY MANNERS.



TOMMY CONTINUES SHOUTING AS HE IS PURSUED BY A GHOST. ZERO FOLLOWS CLOSELY.



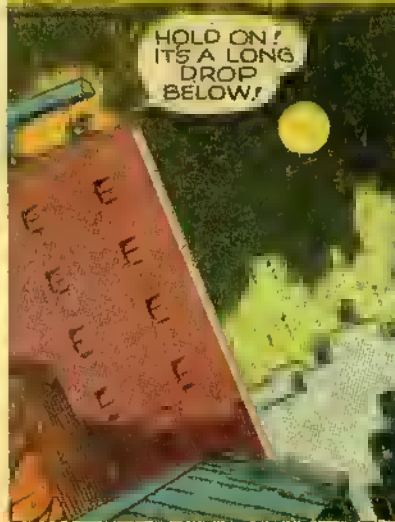
THROUGH THE ARCHED DOOR WAY HE CONTINUES TO RUN..



WITH ZERO STILL IN PURSUIT, TOMMY CRASHES THROUGH THE OUTER PORCH WINDOW.



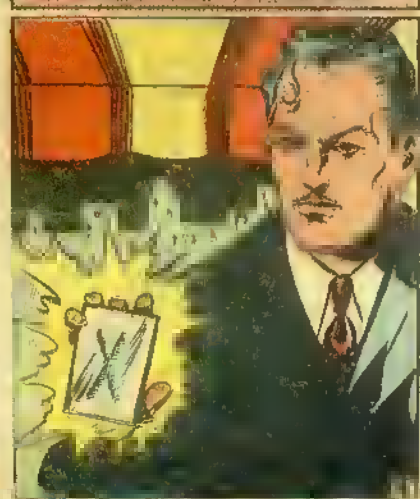
FINALLY ZERO CATCHES UP WITH TOMMY.



RESTRAINING TOMMY FROM LEAPING OVER THE SIDE, ZERO SEES THE GHOST APPROACHING.



DRAWING A MIRROR WITH A CROSS MARKED ON IT, ZERO FLASHES IT AT THE GHOST.



THE MIRROR HAS ITS EFFECT
THE GHOST DRAWS BACK IN
HORROR, AS ZERO ORDERS
BOTH BACK INTO THE ROOM.



THE GHOST RELATES HIS STORY

MY BROTHER, TOMMY
MANNERS, MURDERED
ME SO HE COULD COLLECT
MY FORTUNE. I KNEW
THAT AS A PLAYBOY, HE'D
BE FASCINATED BY ANY
NEW SENSATION... SO
WITH THE AID OF MY
FELLOW GHOSTS, WE
DECIDED TO BRING THE
GHOST SHOW TO THE
MOON GLOW ROOM.



ZERO DOESN'T NOTICE THE
OTHER GHOSTS STEAL UP
BEHIND HIM.



SUDDENLY THEY GRAB HIM,
FORCING HIM TO DROP HIS
MIRROR.



AT THAT MOMENT THE GHOST
SPRINGS UPON TOMMY,
AND STRANGLES HIM.



THE LIGHT BLINDS
THE GHOSTS

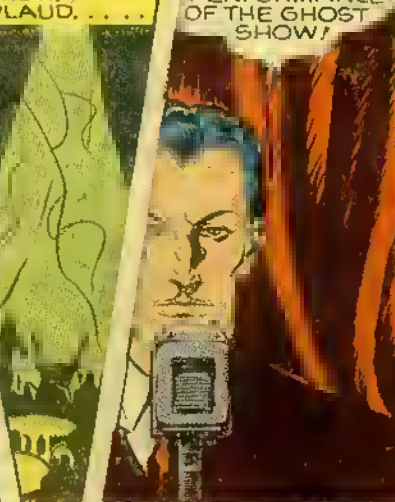
BUT
FROM
HIS
POCKET
ZERO
DRAWS
A SULPHUR-
OUS
MATCH.



UNDER THE EFFECT OF
THE SULPHUR, THE
GHOSTS VANISH.



THE AUDIENCE THINK-
ING THIS PART OF
THE SHOW, APPLAUD.



AND THIS, FOLKS,
IS THE FINAL
PERFORMANCE
OF THE GHOST
SHOW!

LIFTING THE DEAD BODY OF
TOMMY, ZERO EXITS AMID THE
APPLAUSE



THE DEMON OF
DESTRUCTION

Captain Bruce Blackburn COUNTERSPY

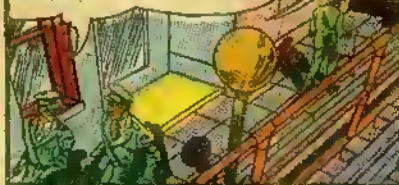
by
HARRY
FRANKS
CAMPOS

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF THE ARMY INTELLIGENCE, IS OFFICIALLY DEAD, SO IS HIS "DOUBLE," LIEUTENANT JACKSON. NOW BRUCE, AS "BLACK," IS A MEMBER OF THE "UN-AMERICAN BAND."

TO ANYONE LISTENING, THESE 2 MEN SEEM RABID MEMBERS OF THE ANTI-AMERICAN BAND ~

IN NEW YORK, PEOPLE LIKE FLIES SHALL DIE, FRIEND **BLACK!**

GOOD!



YET, ONE MAN IS BRUCE **BLACKBURN**, CAPTAIN IN THE U.S. MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

AND ZORN, HOW DO WE KILL THESE **FOOLS?**

I DO NOT KNOW....
LATER WE~



ZORN! LOOK!
UP THERE!

BLACK!
WHAT
IS IT?

YEOW!



A BOY!

YOU'RE RIGHT!
BUT~ HIS.. HIS
CLOTHES!

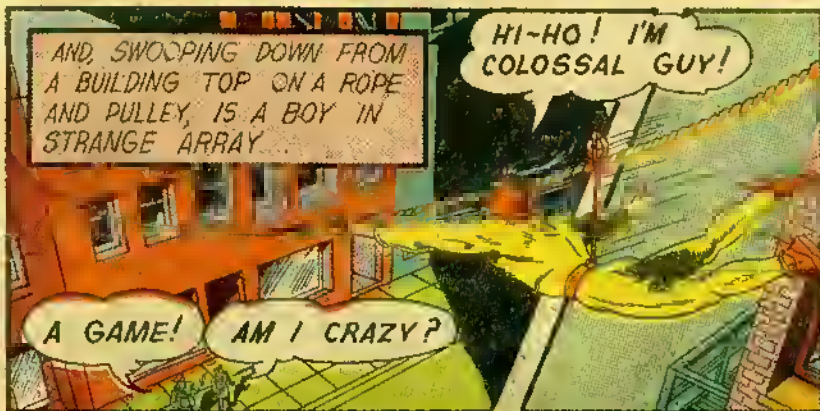


AND, SWOOPING DOWN FROM A BUILDING TOP ON A ROPE AND PULLEY, IS A BOY IN STRANGE ARRAY.

HI-HO! I'M
COLOSSAL GUY!

A GAME!

AM I CRAZY?



LOOK, ZORN! HEAVENS!
THE ROPE! IT'S FRAYING!



AND ON THE BUILDING TOP, A SHARP METAL EDGE SAWS AT THE SWAYING ROPE.

HE'LL BE
KILLED!

NOT IF I~

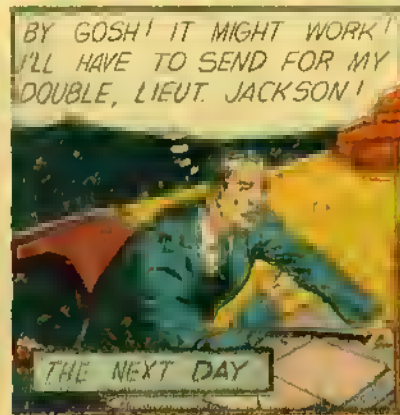


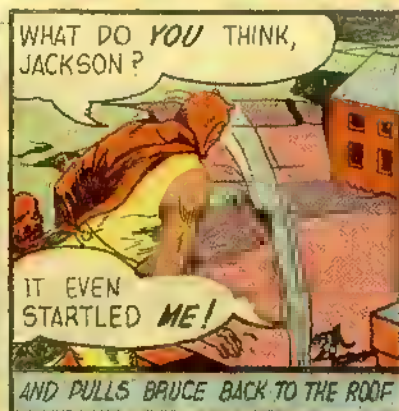
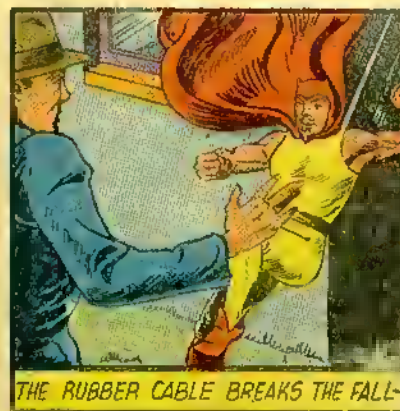
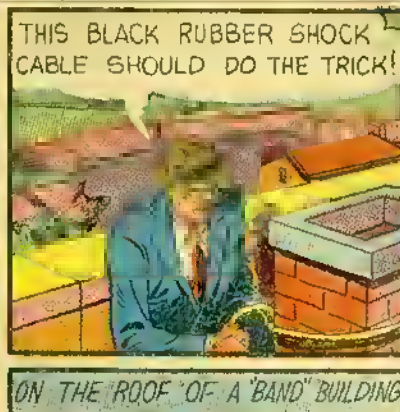
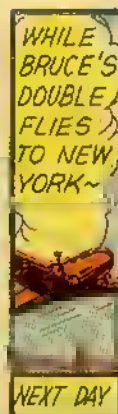
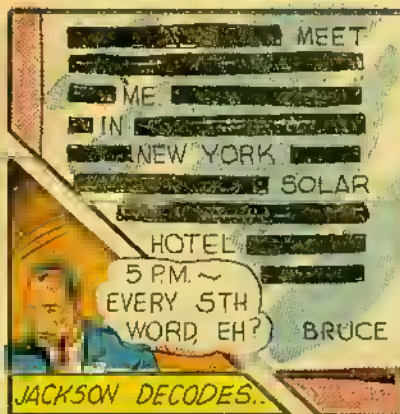
~CAN HELP IT!





AS THE FALLING BODY REACHES BRUCE, HE GRABS THE BOY AND DRAGS HIM TO SAFETY





THAT NIGHT, BRUCE, IN COSTUME,
HIDES IN THE BAND CAMP

BLACK, ZORN, ADDER~ NOW IN
THIS CAR WE GO TO THE
RESERVOIR!



AS THE CAR PASSES, BRUCE
LEAPS, AND CLINGS TO
THE TRUNK RACK...



HOPE WE GET THERE SOON..
CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH
LONGER!



AS THE CAR SWERVES FROM
THE PAVEMENT TO THE
RUTTED RESERVOIR ROAD~



THE CYANIDE WILL
KILL THEM ALL!
CYANIDE!
GREAT GUNS!



STOP! I COMMAND IT!

A DEVIL!

SHOOT HIM!

TAKE THAT!



AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO
POISON THE WATER...

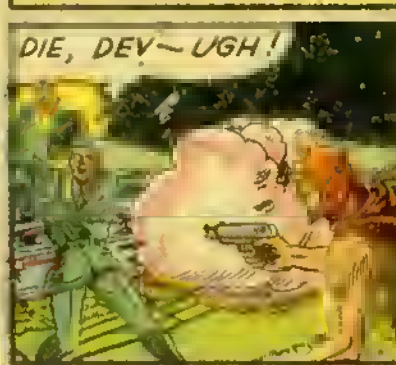
BUT THE BULLETS GLANCE
HARMLESSLY OFF OF BRUCE'S
BULLET-PROOF VEST!



BULLETS DON'T
HARM HIM!!
RUN!

NOT
SO
FAST!

BRUCE SCOOPS UP A GUN~



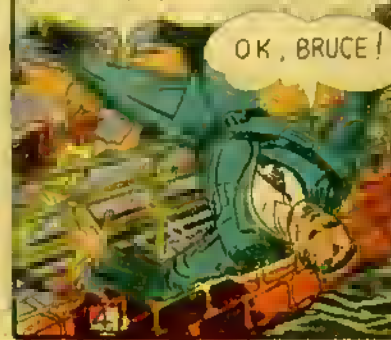
DIE, DEV~ UGH!

INTO THE WATER WITH
YOU!



HELP!

SORRY, JACKSON~ THIS
WAS TO LOOK GOOD!



OK, BRUCE!

THAT **CYANIDE** WON'T DO ANY **DAMAGE** DOWN THERE!



BRUCE DRIVES THE "BAND'S" CAR BACK TO CAMP



NOW FOR MY **DEMONSTRATION** I'LL ATTACH MY **RUBBER CABLE!**



ATOP THE **BAND BUILDING**....

DEMON~**BAH!** IT IS A **TRAITOR!** AND THE **ONLY** MEMBER NOT ABLE TO ACCOUNT FOR HIS **TIME**~



SOME POOR DEVIL'S IN FOR IT!

~IS **OTTO SCHMIDT**. YOU KNOW THE **PENALTY**, **SCHMIDT!**



NO~
NO~I'M **INNOCENT!**
I'M~

THEY **WON'T** MURDER HIM IF I CAN **HELP** IT!



THE **DESTROYING DEMON**~



~**STRIKES!**



BRUCE SEIZES **SCHMIDT**, AND IS **SNAPPED** TO THE **ROOF**....

AN HOUR LATER.....

THAT GANG'S **POISON!** LET 'EM **ALONE**, **SCHMIDT!**



I WON'T **FORGET** THIS!

COLONEL JORDAN, THIS IS **BRUCE!** WE JUST FOILED A PLOT TO POISON THE NEW YORK WATER SUPPLY! HAVE **ALL RESERVOIRS** GUARDED! AND **COLONEL**~



AND IN ANOTHER HOUR.....

~IF YOU HEAR WILD STORIES ABOUT A SUPER-DEMON FIGHTING THE **BAND** PAY NO ATTENTION! **IT'S ME!**



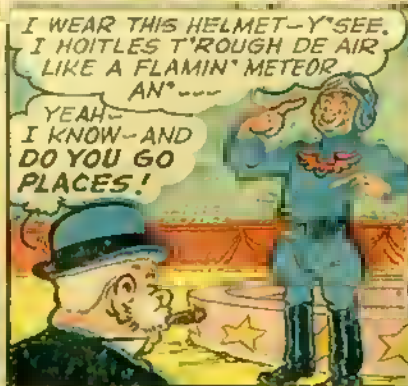
BIG TOP

THE HUMAN BULLET



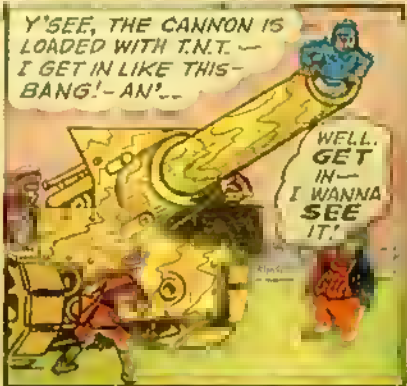
BUT WAIT'LL YA SEE MY ACT, BOSS--THEY SHOOT ME OUT OF A CANNON AN' DO I GO PLACES!

O.K. O.K. LET'S SEE IT!



I WEAR THIS HELMET--Y'SEE, I HOITLES T'ROUGH DE AIR LIKE A FLAMIN' METEOR AN'--

YEAH-- I KNOW--AND DO YOU GO PLACES!



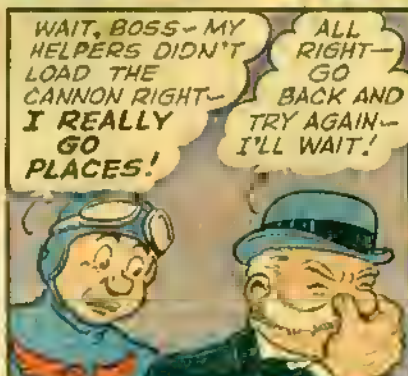
Y'SEE, THE CANNON IS LOADED WITH T.N.T. I GET IN LIKE THIS-- BANG!-- AN'--

WELL, GET IN-- I WANNA SEE IT!



PFT

HM-- THAT WAS ABOUT AS THRILLING AS STRIKING A WET MATCH!



WAIT, BOSS--MY HELPERS DIDN'T LOAD THE CANNON RIGHT-- I REALLY GO PLACES!

ALL RIGHT-- GO BACK AND TRY AGAIN-- I'LL WAIT!



DO YOU GO PLACES--IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL YOU'LL LOSE THE CREASE IN YOUR PANTS!



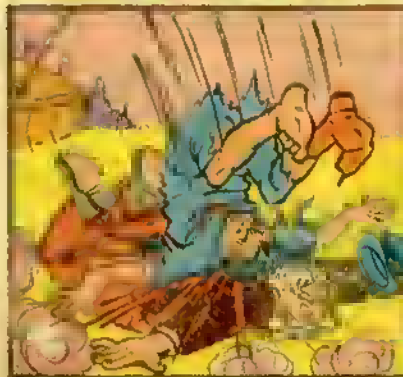
OF ALL THE PHOOEY ACTS, THAT'S THE PHOOEYEST! I HAVE A DATE WITH SOME VERY DARING TRAINED FLEAS!-- GOOD BYE!



YOU LUGS BETTER GET IT RIGHT THIS TIME OR YOU'RE FIRED!

WE'LL PUT IN A DOUBLE CHARGE!

A TRIPLE CHARGE!



DIDN'T I TELL YA, BOSS-- DIDN'T I TELL YA I GO PLACES? DIDN'T I?

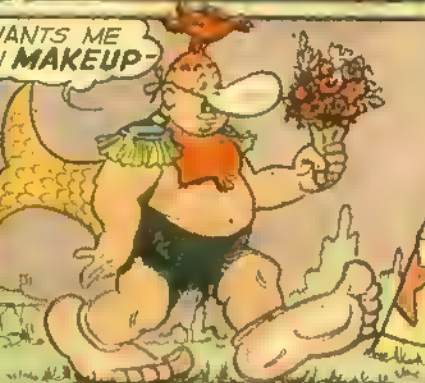
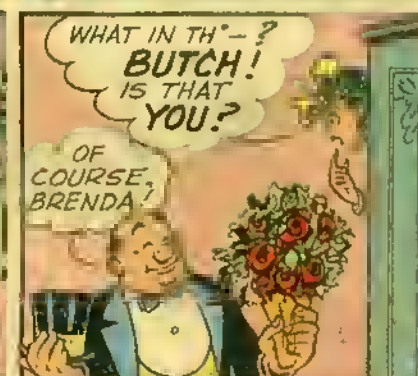
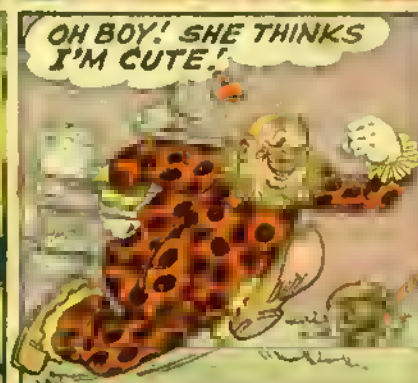
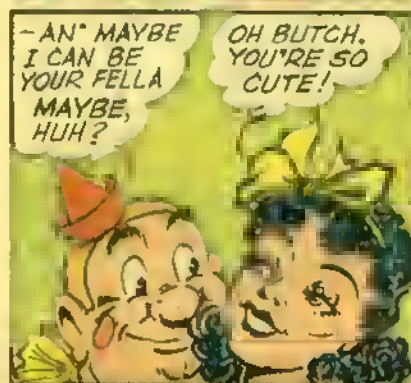
YES, YOU DID-- YOU !! ☆!



...AND YOU'RE STILL GOING PLACES! * !!! ☆!

CAN'T Y'GIMME MY CANNON BACK?

BIG TOP





GLOVES of DEATH

By Robert M. Hyatt

Ferguson, chief of the Catalina Junior Divers, tapped the scarred top of his desk and frowned.

"Boys," he said, "we're in a spot. Either we've got to find out what killed these chaps, or fold the outfit. In fact, the Coast Guard has given those orders already."

"But we're hardly under way!" exclaimed Bat Forbes, one of the members of the unique diving organization. "If we give up now—"

"I haven't said we're going to give up," interposed Ferguson quietly. "It's only that we can't go on having men killed under water, by—whatever it is."

Hap Hanson, youngest of the outfit, piped up with, "We'll find out—even if we never salvage the *Katy D*. Why can't we—"

Ferguson halted him. "There's just a chance," he stated, "that

we'll solve the mystery tomorrow. I've asked Perry Scott, a marine specialist, to sail with us. If anyone can crack the puzzle, he can."

Perry Scott came aboard the amateur divers' small sloop just before sailing time next morning. Most of the youths had heard of young Scott's daring exploits in nautical crime solution all over the world. Now he was going to pit his super-cunning against an under-sea killer that had everybody baffled and which had taken the lives of three robust youths in two weeks. Would Scott be successful?

They didn't east off immediately and Perry looked quizzically at Ferguson. "Have to wait for the harbor pilot," he informed him. "Ah, there he comes now."

A dinghy was being towed rapidly across the calm water of the bay, and in a moment a thick-set man climbed aboard, nodding indifferently to the crew. "Heave away!" he sang out.

It was an hour's sail to the point around the Isthmus where the *Katy D*. reposed on the muddy sea bottom. They dropped anchor and pulled down the sheets. Hannason, in charge of the diving gear, got things ready for the first trip below. There was some banter—rather serious—as Colby, who had drawn first dive, slipped his head into the makeshift helmet. Johnson manned the air pump. Then Colby slipped overside and disappeared.

The water is remarkably clear around Catalina Island. One can see bottom clearly even at thirty feet. A forest of weed hid the half-buried hulk of the *Katy D*. They saw Colby touch bottom and begin making his way toward the wreck, his feet stirring up plumes of mud-smoke which presently obliterated him from view.

Perry Scott watched intently the movements below. Then Colby signalled to be pulled up.

"All quiet down there," he re-

ported. "The others have cut almost through the weed; I think a half hour's chopping will do the trick . . . who's turn now?"

"Mine." Hap Hanson stepped forward and began rubbing grease on his face preparatory to slipping the odd helmet on.

The mud-smoke had risen close to the surface, still shrouding the bottom, but by now the area immediately below the mud-smoke would be glass clear. Hap searched through the gear a moment. "Wonder where my gloves are?" he said.

"Take mine, Hap," said Hackett the harbor pilot. He held out a pair of white leather gloves. The youth was reaching for them when Colby, tansacking the gear box, said, "Here's yours, Hap," and handed over the missing gauntlets.

Perry wondered a bit about that offer of gloves from the surly pilot. He imagined he had read a strange look in the man's narrow-



set eyes; but he could have been mistaken.

Hap stayed down a good half hour. When he came up he said, "Well, I hacked through to the wheel house. Air was getting a bit stale." To Ferguson he said, "I'm not certain but I thought I saw something down there, just a quick flash, then it was gone. Shark I'd say."

Ferguson shook his head. "Never heard of one around here. Of course—"

"How about a manta?" said Perry.

"Not the right shape," Hap informed him. "This chap was long, narrow—might have been a seal."

It was Johnson's turn. Before he had dipped into the grease pot, however, Perry Scott stepped forward. "Let me do this trick," he



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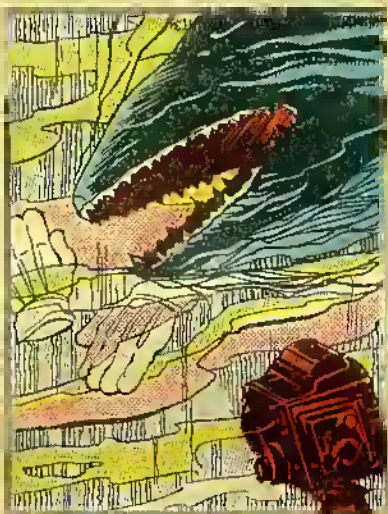
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said. To the pilot he said: "Mind if I borrow those gloves? I have a bandaged thumb, and I'm afraid the other chaps' mitts will be too small."

Hackett handed the white gauntlets over, but there was a momentary reluctance in the act. Perry slipped his hands into them and stepped overside.

"Almost forgot," he said to himself. He made his way back to the spot where he had first touched bottom, then struck off to the left a few paces. Presently he came to a small black box on a tripod. He made a few adjustments, snapped a switch, and saluted the machine with a jaunty wave of the hand. He backed away, keeping in line with the single eye of the thing grinding away in front of him.



Ten feet off he halted and began waving his hands.

There was a sudden commotion a few fathoms to his right. The water churned and swirled and he could feel the agitation. Then a great dark shape shot out of the heaving water on his right and torpedoed toward him. With one motion he jerked the gloves off and backed away. The gloves remained directly in front of him, not sinking, and as he backed off they followed, drawn by the suction of his motion.

"Hm!" he said, "didn't foresee this one. Gotta make it snappy." He practically leaped backward. As he did so the monstrous thing struck. A vast mouth gulped the gloves, then the creature was gone, in a swirling arc.

Once more on board, Perry reported that he had lost the gloves, but that he intended to go down again. "I think I found something," he told Ferguson.

"What?" asked the chief, interestedly.

"Don't know yet." He hurried to the wheel house and rummaged through his gear. He came out on deck with a strange looking weapon. "Sub-sea rifle," he told the crew. Then he slipped on the helmet and went over the side, this time without any gloves.

A moment later there was a swirl and the great shape darted toward him. He tossed the gloves away from him and grasped the rifle firmly. When the beast shot down for the gloves, he fired ten rounds of explosive bullets into its dark body. Blood spouted, turning the sea red for a moment.

When the water had cleared, he approached the inert body of the creature. It was a huge barracuda, tiger of the sea, man killer!

He went back to the black box, shut it off, and gathered it up. Then he signalled to be lifted.

Wide eyes greeted him on deck. They had all seen the blood; thought he had been attacked. Perry shook his head, grinning. "But I've found your killer," he stated. "He's lying down there now. He can't get away. This little box," he explained, "is an undersea camera; it got quite a movie of everything that happened down there."

"Look out!" Johnson cried. But young Hanson had been too quick. With a short-arm jab he knocked Hackett to the deck. The pilot had a snub-nosed automatic in his hand.

Perry grinned. "He's the one," he said. "Been checking on him for some time. Works for a big salvage outfit in Pedro; they've been wanting to chase you guys off because there's a lot of gold aboard the *Katy D*. You probably didn't know that."

Ferguson shook his head excitedly. "Of course not. We thought it contained only some good diving gear."

"Uh-huh," said Perry. "Well, I checked on all this a week ago. Got the low-down on Hackett. When you see this film you'll have the complete story. The day be-

FREE 48 PAGE BOOK AMERICAN FLYER 3/16" scale trains



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Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

fore yesterday I came out here and set up this camera so it would be ready for the job. I think that job is filled."

"Yes—but—" Ferguson was fumbling. "You say barracuda. But I can't understand. A barracuda wouldn't hang around hours at a time, waiting, as it were—"

"No," replied Perry Scott. "It wouldn't—unless it couldn't get away. You see, Hackett and his mob had somehow captured the 'cuda. They had him anchored down there with a heavy chain around the neck. Clever, I'd say!"


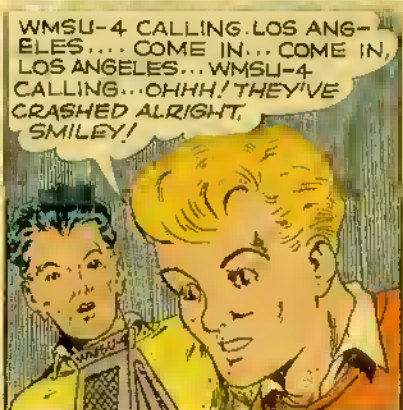
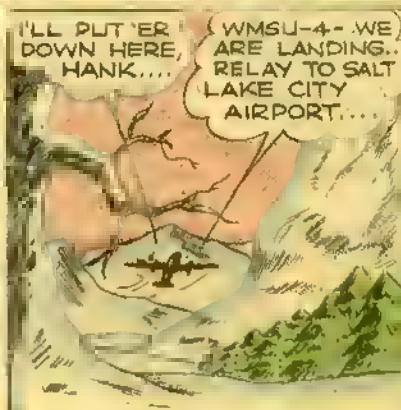
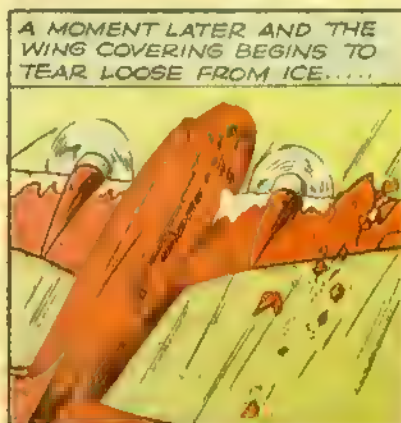
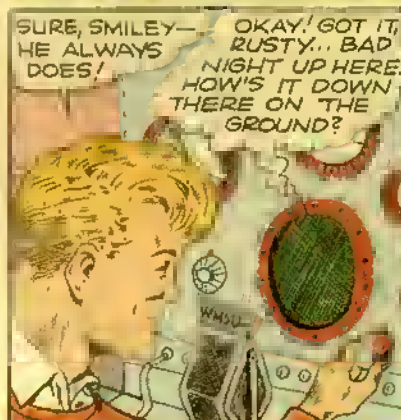
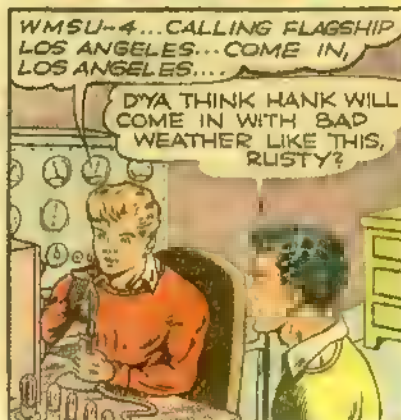
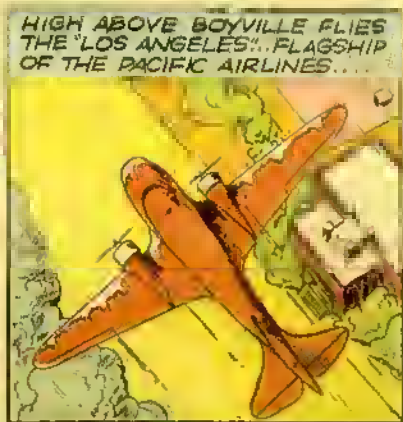
"But why," Ferguson demanded, "did the thing attack only three of the gang?"

"That's easy," Perry told him. "A 'cuda will strike anything that's bright—like white gloves. Didn't all the victims wear 'em? Hackett would hide the gloves and offer a pair of white ones. I found several pairs in his chest."

**FOLLOW PERRY SCOTT in
MEDITERRANEAN MADNESS
IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF
FEATURE / On Sale
COMICS / NOVEMBER 22ND**

RUSTY RYAN OF BOYVILLE

BY PAUL GUSTAVSON

SMILEY/CALL W55M AT SALT LAKE CITY...NOTIFY THEM OF THE POSITION! I'M GETTING SOME FELLOWS TOGETHER TO GO OUT TO THAT PLANE!

OKAY!



HEY! THE LOS ANGELES JUST CRACKED UP WEST OF MOOSE LAKE/GRAB YOUR SKIS AND C'MON!

LOOKS LIKE A BLIZZARD IS BLOWIN' UP TOO!



AND A LITTLE LATER A SKI PATROL LEAVES BOYVILLE, HEADED FOR THE LOST PLAN



THEN FOLLOWS GRUELLING TRAVEL THROUGH SNOW, SLEET AND BITTER COLD... BUT THE BOYS MEET THE MANLY TEST...



WE SHOULD BE NEARING IT NOW...



THERE'S THE PLANE!! AND I CAN SEE SOMEBODY MOVING...THERE'S A FIRE!



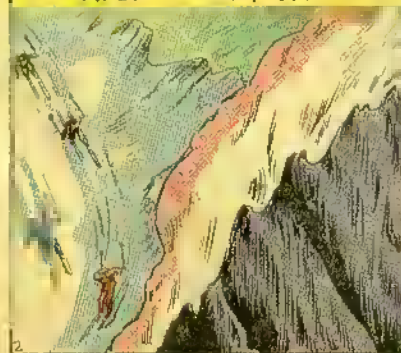
BUT, AS THE PARTY ZOOMS DOWN A MOUNTAIN, A TREACHEROUS GORGE APPEARS JUST BEFORE THEM...



LOOK OUT!! PULL UP... PULL UP!! GORGE AHEAD! HEADS UP!



RUSTY ZOOMS INTO THE LEADER'S POSITION....



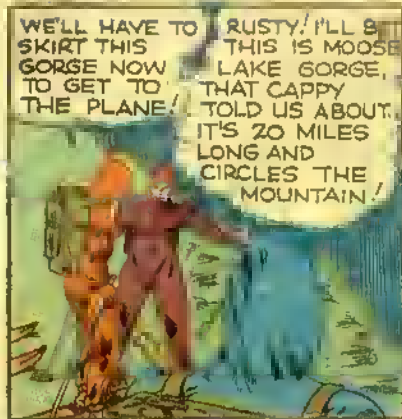
...AND LIKE A STREAK, HE BODY-CHECKS A BOY WHO IS HEADED FOR THE CHASM...



WOW! I STOPPED YOU JUST IN TIME, BOB!

I'LL SAY YOU DID, RUSTY!





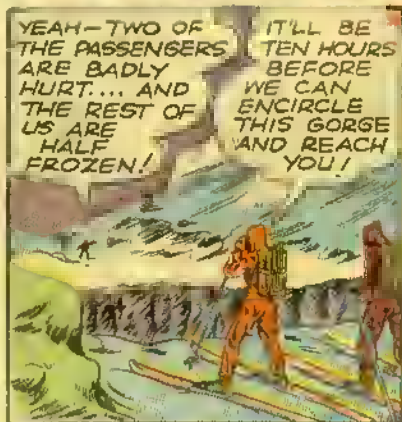
RUSTY! I'LL BE
THIS IS MOOSE
LAKE GORGE,
THAT CAPPY
TOLD US ABOUT.
IT'S 20 MILES
LONG AND
CIRCLES THE
MOUNTAIN!



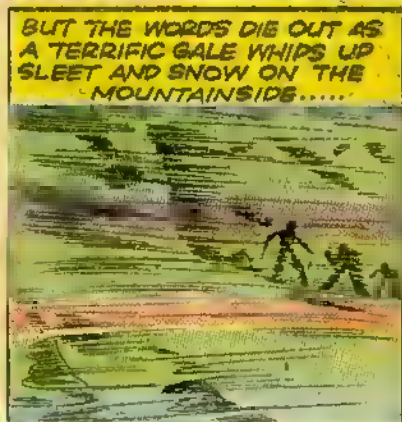
MAYBE WE
SHOULD LET THE
PEOPLE AT THE
PLANE KNOW
WE'RE HERE...



S-SAY... LOOK!
SOMEBODY'S
COME TO HELP
US!



IT'LL BE
TEN HOURS
BEFORE
WE CAN
ENCIRCLE
THIS GORGE
AND REACH
YOU!



WHAT CAN
WE DO TO
HELP THEM,
RUSTY? AND
IT'LL GET 20 MORE
DEGREES COLDER!



OKAY—
TAKE
IT!



I HOPE THIS
WORKS,
RUSTY!



YEAH! HE'S
GONNA
JUMP THE
GORGE.. AN'
TAKE THE
ROPE WITH
HIM!



RUSTY WHEELS AROUND ON THE STEEP SLOPE AND STARTS BACK DOWN... HIS SPEED INCREASES TILL HE FLIES LIKE A BULLET...



JUMPIN' HOP-TOADS, THAT FELLOW'S GOING TO TRY JUMPING THAT CHASM... IT'S 50 FEET EASY!... AND SUICIDE!



GOOD LUCK, RUSTY!



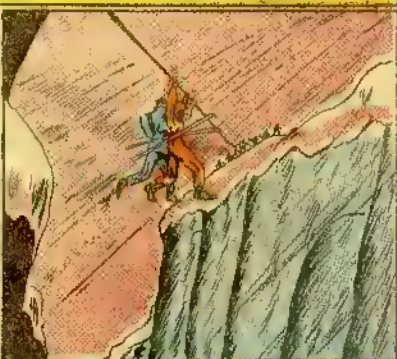
WOW! I MADE IT BY INCHES!! WHEW...



H-YA HANK! HERE... GIVE THIS BEEF BROTH TO THE OTHERS.. WHILE I FIX THINGS UP HERE... THEN HAVE EVERYBODY COME UP THIS WAY...



THEN, FASTENING THE ROPE ON HIS SIDE OF THE GORGE, RUSTY TIES PASSENGERS TO HIMSELF AND FERRIES THEM OVER.....

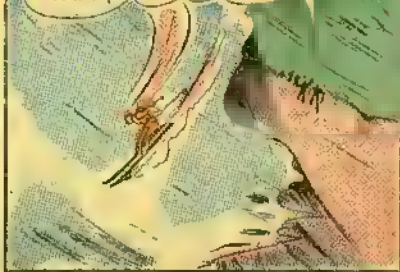


SMILEY--I'LL GO BACK AND GET THE SCHOOL SLEIGH TO HAUL 'EM... GET THEM DOWN TO THAT MAIN ROAD... MEET ME THERE!

RIGHT..



SAY! DOESN'T THAT GUY EVER GET TIRED? LOOKIT HIM GO NOW... IT MUSTA TAKEN HIM A DOZEN YEARS TO LEARN TO SKI LIKE THAT!



NO... NOT THAT LONG, MISTER... NEVER SAW RUSTY'S ONLY SIXTEEN NOW!... BUT I'D SWEAR THAT RADIO OPERATOR I ALWAYS SPOKE TO, WAS AT LEAST 40!



Rusty Ryan appears each month in FEATURE COMICS.



AND EACH WARRING NATION WANTS ONE THING—OUR HELP

IF WE COULD ONLY GET THE U.S. IN ON OUR SIDE!



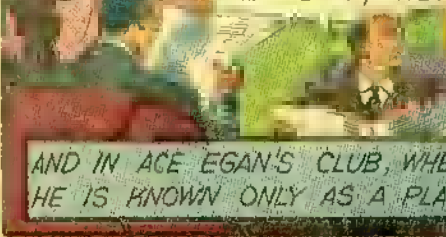
AND, IN ANOTHER CAPITAL...

THEY WILL BE FIGHTING FOR US IN 60 DAYS! IT IS ARRANGED!



OUTRAGEOUS! LOOKS LIKE THE SPECIAL FOREIGN COMMITTEE'S GONE CRAZY!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, ACE?



AND IN ACE EGAN'S CLUB, WHERE HE IS KNOWN ONLY AS A PLAYBOY

THINK OF WHAT?



WHY~THE PRESIDENT'S NEW COMMITTEE ON THE WAR SITUATION IS SWINGING TOWARD THE DICTATORS!



A BREAK WITH THE ALLIES SEEMS UNAVOIDABLE NOW!

BUT WHY?



THAT'S WHAT NOBODY KNOWS~IT'S INSANE!

THE ACE OF SPACE SHOULD LOOK INTO THIS!

MAYBE HE WILL!



IT SURE DOESN'T ADD UP ~ WHY THE COMMITTEES CHANGE OF POLICY, SMITH?



BLAST IT, THEY DONT EVEN ACT LIKE THE SAME MEN, ACE!



WELL, I'LL BE RUNNING ALONG, SMITH!

MAYBE HE HAS SOMETHING THERE.

I WONDER IF ACE IS THE IDLER HE SEEMS TO BE!



EVER SEE HIM DO ANYTHING?

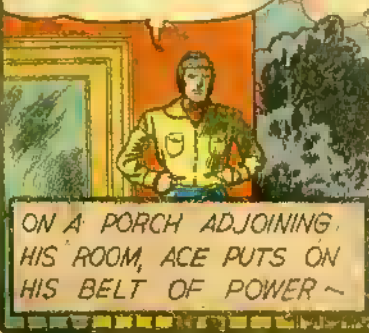
30 MINUTES LATER-ACE'S HOME

JENNINGS, I'M GOING TO MY ROOM~ DON'T DISTURB ME!



YES, MR. ACE SIR!

WITH THIS BELT ON, I CAN DO ANYTHING!

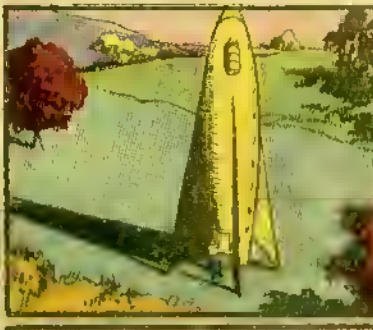


ON A PORCH ADJOINING HIS ROOM, ACE PUTS ON HIS BELT OF POWER ~

IT'S A FIENDISHLY CLEVER TRICK, BUT IT WON'T WORK!



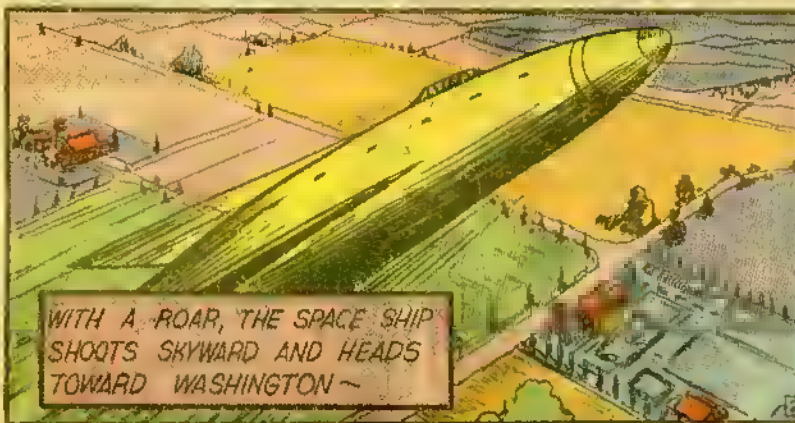
HE LEAPS TOWARD HIS NOW INVISIBLE SPACE SHIP



HE TOUCHES A BUTTON AND THE STRANGE CRAFT APPEARS

~AND BECOMES A 9 FOOT GIANT

SO THAT'S IT! I'M HEADING FOR THE SPACE SHIP AND WASHINGTON!



WITH A ROAR, THE SPACE SHIP SHOOTs SKYWARD AND HEADS TOWARD WASHINGTON ~

MEANWHILE IN WASHINGTON, THE FOREIGN COMMITTEE MEETS

WILL HE SIGN IT?



WITH BORIS A HYPNOTIST? YES!

IN 15 MINUTES HE WILL BE HERE..AND TOMORROW ~ WAR FOR AMERICA!



SO TELEPATHY'S ONE OF MY POWERS! I KNOW THAT TREATY WILL BE SIGNED IN 15 MINUTES. GOT TO WORK FAST!



THE SHIP DROPS TO EARTH NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE



AND DISAPPEARS FROM SIGHT.



THIS IS THE QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE WHITE HOUSE.



AT THE WHITE HOUSE GATE

NO VISITORS~ SAY, WHO ARE YOU?



I'M NO VISITOR!



THEY'RE MEETING IN THAT ROOM~



~ON THE 2ND FLOOR.



HERE GOES!



PARDON MY INFORMALITY, YOU SNEAKY IMPOSTERS!



WE'RE LEAVING! AN OUTRAGE.

HELP!

YOU'RE~

YES~I'M THE ACE OF SPACE! WHERE ARE THE REAL COMMITTEE MEMBERS?

I WON'T TELL!

NO? IT'S QUITE A DISTANCE TO THE GROUND!

DON'T, DON'T! THEY'RE IN A CABIN NEAR LURAY, VIRGINIA!

MEANWHILE~AT THE WHITE HOUSE

DON'T SHOOT, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL HIT THE WRONG ONE!

BANG!

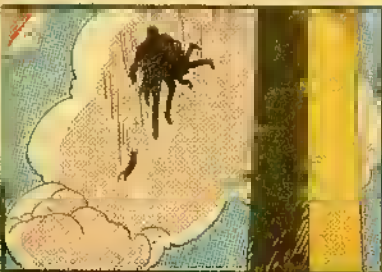
AND THE SHOT GLANCES OFF ACE'S BELT OF POWER, UNFASTENING IT!

FASTER AND FASTER ACE DROPS EARTHWARD...THE PRECIOUS BELT FALLING BELOW HIM

IF I CAN ONLY CATCH UP TO IT IN TIME!

HE'S SHRUNK!

WE'RE FALLING!



GOT IT!

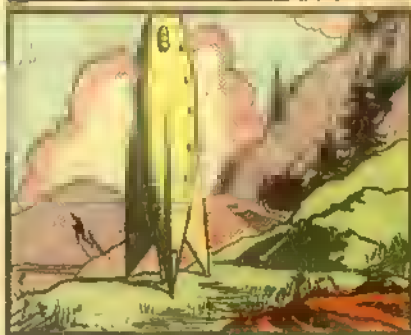
ONCE MORE WEARING THE BELT, AND INDEPENDENT OF GRAVITY, ACE AND THE 3 IMPOSTERS LAND AT THE SHIP

ACE MAKES THE SHIP VISIBLE

A MIRACLE! GET IN AND SHUT UP!



10 MINUTES LATER, THE SHIP
COMES TO REST NEAR LURAY VA



NOW, WHERE'S THAT CABIN?



DOWN THERE!

LEAVING 2 OF THE IMPOSTERS
LOCKED IN THE SPACE SHIP..

THANK HEAVEN!

THE ACE
OF SPACE!



.... ACE FINDS
THE REAL COMMITTEE...

YOU'D BETTER GET BACK TO
WASHINGTON FAST. THESE
BIRDS JUST ABOUT HAVE US
IN A WAR!



15 MINUTES LATER, AT
THE WHITE HOUSE

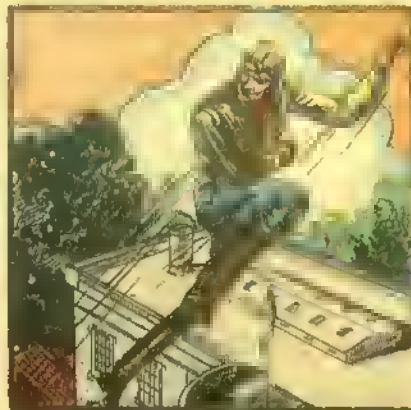
HERE YOU ARE!



STOP! WE WANT TO TALK
TO YOU!

WHO ARE....

NOT TODAY..

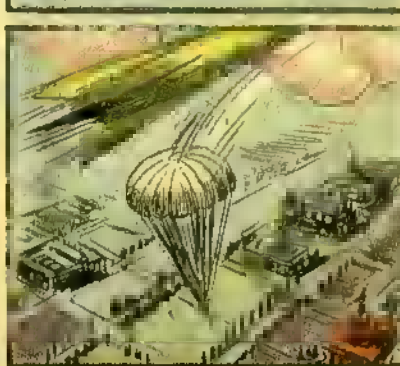


AN HOUR LATER, THE SPACE
SHIP IS OVER THE ATLANTIC,
NEARING EUROPE.

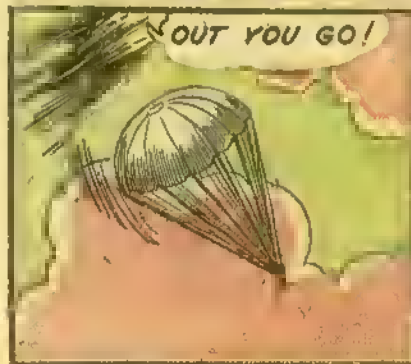
I'VE A SURPRISE FOR
YOUR BOSSES!



OVER ONE DICTATOR CAPITAL...



AND ANOTHER ~ ~ ~



OUT YOU GO!

AND IN THE THIRD CAPITAL

I MUST SEE THE GRAND LEADER, AT
ONCE!



THAT
TAG?

WHAT IS THIS? *RETURNED
WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF
THE ACE OF SPACE!



RETURNED
WITH
THE
COMPLIMENTS
OF
the
ACE OF SPACE

REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

by ART DICKY



NESTLED HIGH IN THE HILLS, THE TOWN OF RED ROCK IS IN AN UPROAR AS A SCOURGE OF WITCHCRAFT LEAVES DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN ITS WAKE--THE PEOPLE RISE IN FURY TO STAMP OUT THOSE WHO DABBLE IN DEMONS AND SPIRITS...

THOSE WHO WORK FOR THE DEVIL, INJURE CHILDREN, AND CAST ILLNESS ON OUR HOMES, MUST NOT LIVE A MINUTE LONGER!

SHELBY, THE TOWN MARSHAL, ADDRESSES THE PEOPLE...

WE'VE GOT TO ROUND THEM UP--SO FAR, WE'VE CAUGHT THREE WOMEN WITCHES AND WHEN THEY CONFESS, WE'LL GET MORE!

A FIGURE WATCHES FROM THE SHADOWS....



AS SHE WENDS HER WAY HOME....



I SUPPOSE I'M NEXT--HEH-HEH!

AT MOUNTIE HEADQUARTERS.....



WITCHCRAFT IN OUR AGE?...IMPOSSIBLE! IT'S FANTASTIC...YOUR CASE, SERGEANT--HOP TO IT!

YES SIR!

UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, A FIGURE STEALS TOWARD THE OLD HAG'S SHACK...



IF ANYONE SEES ME--I'M LOST!

MOTHER--QUICK! YOU MUST HELP ME!



SHELBY!! YOU WANT HELP FROM A WITCH? HA-HA-HA-HA!!

IT'S MY CHILD--HE'S STRUGGLING WITH THE DEMONS... DOCTORS HAVE FAILED--ONLY YOU CAN GIVE HIM THE DEMON'S CURE!



I'LL DO WHAT I CAN--BUT FIRST, SIT DOWN!

ON THE WITCH'S ORDER, SHELBY BARES HIS ARM—SUDDENLY SHE PRICKS IT WITH A NEEDLE.....

OW—!

THEN SHE PRICKS HER OWN ARM.....

NO—
NO—!!

HEH! NOW I'LL BLEND YOUR BLOOD WITH MINE!!

THEN, TELL ME WHO IS BEHIND THIS WITCHCRAFT RACKET... YOU AND THE OTHERS, WHO ARE TAKING OVER THE RANCHES OF THE CONDEMNED WOMEN!

I'LL TELL—!

NOW I'LL BE SURE YOU WON'T TURN THE PEOPLE AGAINST ME! IF THEY KNEW YOU HAD A MEETING WITH A WITCH, YOU'D BURN—

NO ONE WILL KNOW! COME... MY CHILD...!!

LATER—AT SHELBY'S HOME...

GET OUT, SHELBY... I MUST WORK ALONE!!

SO THAT'S IT—THE FOOLS!!

FROM THE NEXT ROOM A FIGURE SILENTLY WATCHES...

SHE'S EXAMINING THE CHILD—NOW SHE'S GIVING HIM SOMETHING TAKEN FROM THE FOLDS OF HER DRESS...

WHEN SHELBY IS CALLED IN.....

O, MASTER! I SPEAK TO YOU WHO HAVE RAISED THE DEAD TO LIFE—I ASK YOU TO SAVE THIS CHILD!

LOOK! MY CHILD'S SAVED... GO NOW, WITCH—OUR BARGAIN IS DONE!!

SHE IS A REAL WITCH, SERGEANT REYNOLDS—BUT THE TOWNSFOLK MUST NEVER KNOW!

A REAL WITCH, EH? I WONDER!

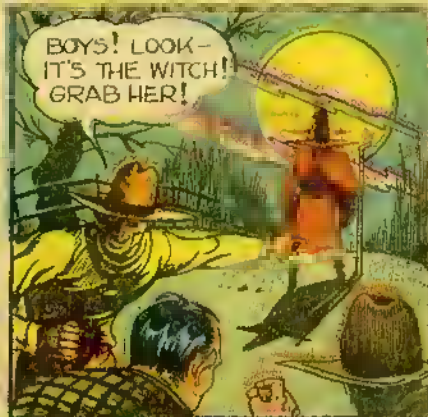
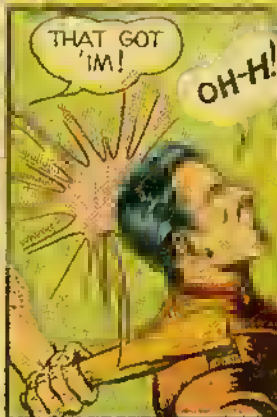
REYNOLDS FOLLOWS THE OLD WITCH TO HER HOME.....

SOMETHING MIGHTY QUEER ABOUT HER... WHAT'S THAT?

SUDDENLY SEVERAL FORMS LEAP OUT FROM THE BUSHES...

GET TH' MOUNTIE, BOYS!

REYNOLDS FIGHTS VALIANTLY AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS....



AS THE MEN RUSH AT THE OLD CRONE, SHE RAISES HER ARMS AND THE FLAMES AND BLUE LIGHTS SHOOT OUT AT THE MEN, THROWING THEM INTO PANIC.....



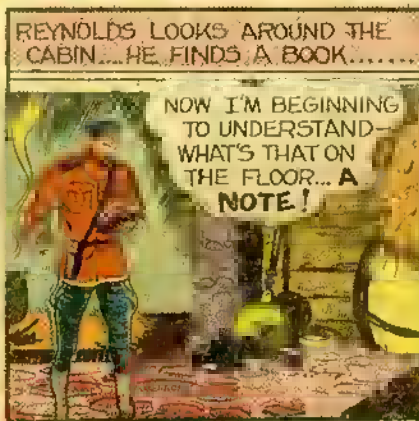
NEXT MORNING-

OW-MY HEAD! GREAT SCOTT!! I'M IN THE WITCH'S CABIN!



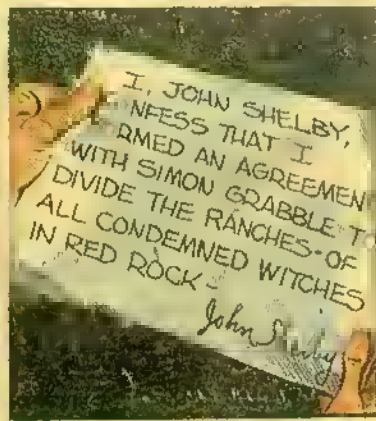
REYNOLDS LOOKS AROUND THE CABIN...HE FINDS A BOOK.....

NOW I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND WHAT'S THAT ON THE FLOOR... A NOTE!



I, JOHN SHELBY, CONFESS THAT I MADE AN AGREEMENT WITH SIMON GRABBLE TO DIVIDE THE RANCHES OF ALL CONDEMNED WITCHES IN RED ROCK.

John Shelby



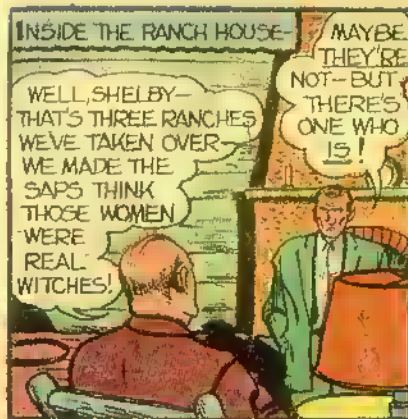
SO! SIMON GRABBLE, THE RICHEST MAN IN THESE PARTS, IS BEHIND THIS WITCHCRAFT SCARE, EH? TAKING RANCHES OF INNOCENT WIDOWS AND MAKING THE TOWNSFOLK THINK THEY'RE WITCHES!



BUT WHERE'S THE OLD WITCH WHO SAVED ME? ... GUESS SHE'LL TURN UP AGAIN...NOW TO CALL ON SIMON GRABBLE!!



LATER





ORDER BEFORE PRICE GOES UP

MAIL COUPON TODAY

SPECIAL DURING THIS SALE

FOR THE FIRST TIME

You can now get a "LITTLE MAN" printing press built with parts stamped out like auto bodies—lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the idea that makes possible this all-time low price! WORKS like the famous GORDON PRESS with STANDARD TYPE. You learn to set type, lock up forms, read proofs, make ready, feed the press—love the smell of printer's ink and know the magic of taking a blank piece of paper and printing words, ideas, powerful enough to move a people after the manner of Ben Franklin.

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SEND NO MONEY

Unless you wish, Pay Postman \$2.00 plus 50c for charges (Pac. Coast \$2.85). Or, if you prefer attach \$2.00 plus 35c postage and save. \$3.00 deposit on C.O.D.'s beyond 200 miles.

Send "LITTLE MAN"

Printing Press with Accessories (Amount Enclosed)

Name

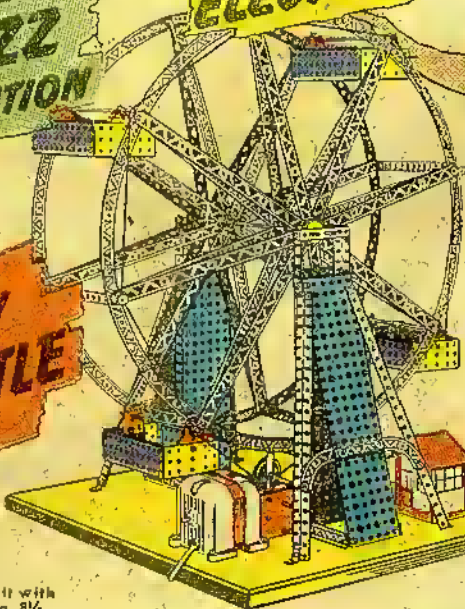
Street

City

PECK BROTHERS 225 WHITNEY AVE. MT. CARMEL, CONN.


THEY BUZZ WITH ACTION

THEY WHISTLE



Built with No. 8½ Erector Set

THEY'RE ALL-ELECTRIC



Built with No. 9½ Erector Set

BOYS! Look at that towering Erector parachute jump, with electrically illuminated top. You build it yourself. Piece by piece you fit the long gleaming girders together—attach the parachute rigging—and install the powerful Erector reversing electric engine. . . And now for thrilling action! Blow your whistle . . . throw your engine into gear and your parachutes are hoisted up and up until they strike the release mechanism. Then, like a flash, they plummet downward—unfold—and lazily float to the ground.

Now get a load of that mighty Ferris wheel. It whistles—twinkles with light—operates in either direction at slow or high speed. You can build hundreds of spectacular, realistic mechanical marvels with one Erector set. And how the Erector electric engine makes them buzz with action! See the new Erectors at your nearest toy store. Take Dad along.

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All-Electric No. 8½ Erector

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Big 24-page illustrated book—
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Rush big book. (Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada.)

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Jim Prentice BRINGS YOU ELECTRIC

FOOTBALL

Important NEW FEATURES



Hi Boys!

These new Electric Games are built on Sturdy Wood Frames like it's 16 inches, have Plated Metal Parts, Big Double-Battery Power Units, Electrically Illuminated Plays, and Colorful Handsomely Lacquered Playing Fields. BE SURE you get yours this Christmas!

OVER For a TOUCHDOWN!

AMERICA'S greatest Football game! Loaded with Fun, Thrills, and the Fascination of Electricity!

You and your opponent represent Coach, Quarterback, Line, Ends, Backfield, and Cheering Section of your respective teams. The player who knows smart Football and who can outmaneuver his opponent will control the yardage of the miniature football as it goes up and down the gridiron—but the uncertainty

of the game often gives the losing player a "Fighting Chance" and he may sweep down the field for a "Touchdown" or a "Smashing Last-Minute Victory!"

Game comes complete, ready to play, with Miniature Football, Timing Device, Lights, Batteries, etc. Packed in brilliant yellow gift box.

Be the popular owner of this champion of games! New 1941 MODEL \$2.



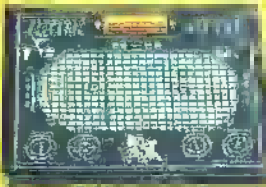
ELECTRIC BASEBALL

A FLASHY big electric diamond with all the thrills of Big League Baseball! Furnishes plenty of excitement and loads of opportunity for real baseball strategy, whether you're "at bat" or "in the field!" Complete with new Electric Bat, Electric Ump, Base Runners, Lights, Batteries, Scoring Device, etc. in bright red gift box. 1941 MODEL, \$2.



ELECTRIC ICE HOCKEY

THE most intriguing Ice Hockey game ever invented! A sensational, fast-moving game that grips you every moment the puck is on the ice! Played with complete teams including goalies. Beautifully lacquered hockey rink in contrasting blue and white. Complete with Men, Puck, Timing Device, Lights, Batteries, etc. in orange gift box. 1941 MODEL, \$2.



ELECTRIC BASKETBALL

THERE is fun galore with this popular new Electric Basketball game! You actually feel yourself streaking down the gym floor sinking a "flashy shot" for the team! Plays and scoring follow regulation Basketball from start to finish. Complete with Miniature Basketball, Timing Device, Lights, Batteries, etc. in blue gift box. 1941 MODEL, \$2.



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ELECTRIC GAME COMPANY, INC.,
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Gentlemen: I enclose \$_____ Please ship at once the games (checked at right) to:

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
TOWN _____ STATE _____

- ☐ \$2. ELECTRIC FOOTBALL
- ☐ \$1. ELECTRIC BASEBALL
- ☐ \$2. ELECTRIC ICE HOCKEY
- ☐ \$2. ELECTRIC BASKETBALL
- ☐ \$6. for three games checked above. FREE Transformer included.



With every order for three games we will include FREE one Special Transformer Unit for operating games from any 110 volt A.C. outlet. Replaces batteries.